HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1885.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

DOLLY VANSITTERT'S OTHER LOVER—"'HE IS HERE,' SUDDENLY CRIED DOLLY, AND STARTED TO HER FEET."
Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 814.]

"A model juvenile."—*The Independent, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Christmas Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *was published last week, but the present number and those which follow it in this month will have a Christmas character.*

The leading story in the current number is

"THE LONELY LADY'S CHRISTMAS,"

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

It is illustrated by ALICE BARBER.

Another Christmas story is entitled "How Theophilus Fished Santa Claus Out of the Sea." The illustration is by E. H. GARRETT.

The principal illustration is

"A COLLEGE FOOT-BALL MATCH,"

with an article on the Rugby Game of Foot-Ball.

"Two Arrows," the serial story, is continued, and the series entitled "Brightie's Christmas Club" is concluded.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A Christmas Present that Lasts all the Year.

Two new serial stories of great interest will shortly be begun in HARPER'S BAZAR. *The number published December 18 will contain the first chapter of a powerful story, "Paston Carew, Millionaire and Miser," by* MRS. E. LYNN LINTON; *while "The Heir of the Ages," a characteristic novel by* JAMES PAYN, *brilliantly illustrated, will be begun in the* BAZAR *published January 1.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1885.

An ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The usual features of HARPER'S WEEKLY *interrupted by the demands of the Christmas number will be resumed in the number for December 19.*

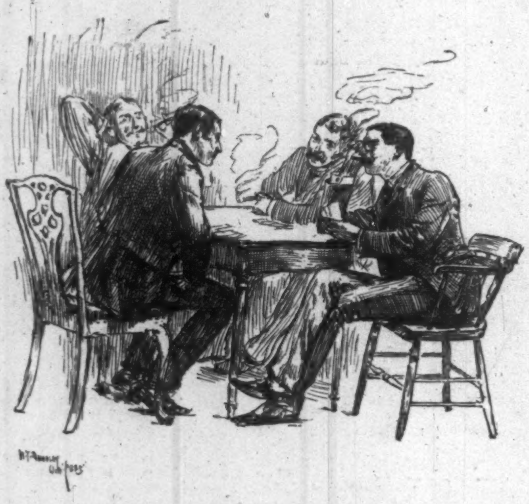
"The Mayor of Casterbridge," by THOMAS HARDY, *will be begun in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for January 2. In this story* MR. HARDY *cultivates anew the field of provincial life and character in England which he has made peculiarly his own. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" will be fully illustrated.*

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

CHRISTMAS, the feast of peace and good-will, dawns upon this country at peace in itself and with all the world, and full of happy hope, while every other country is anxious and alarmed. According to the familiar saying, God takes care of children, the United States—and some other things. But never since the Union was formed was it a stronger or sincerer Union than on this Christmas morning. The "era of good feeling" was only a bright day when the cloud was small. But the cloud was in the sky, and even then there were those who foresaw the tempest. There is no cloud now. The future, indeed, is there, and the future is always uncertain, and man is wayward, and states rise and fall, and there are always grave and vital public questions. But no man can now say, as he could have said at almost any time during the century which is ending, that he sees the cloud which will burst in wrath and fire.

On the other side of the water, Christmas morning breaks over a very different situation. England is confronted with the decision of the present fate of Ireland, in which the peace and integrity of the empire are bound up. France approaches an election in which not only the executive succession, but the form of government itself, will be drawn into question. Spain, over the body of its dead young king, trembles upon the verge of civil war—unhappy Spain, so long the prey of misgovernment and reckless revolution! Germany, resting upon her arms, watches closely her great neighbors Russia and Austria, and those three empires, with England and Turkey, are ready at a moment to take part in the war between Bulgaria and Servia—a local fire which may overspread Europe with conflagration. Italy alone is not immediately involved, but knows that she can not be untouched by a general commotion. ROCHEFOUCAULD'S saying that in the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us, like BURKE'S, that we have real pleasure in the misfortunes of others, is a truth incorrectly stated. The just view is not that we feel pleasure in the suffering of others, but in our own freedom from the suffering that we see. The instinct to relieve suffering is not an instinct at variance with our own sense of enjoyment. The howling of the winter wind at night gives a keener zest to the delight of the blazing Christmas fire, but the thought of the child freezing in the pitiless blast does not deepen—it disturbs—that delight. The anxiety and commotion of Europe are strongly contrasted with our happy repose. Yet we do not rejoice in the agitation and alarm; they merely deepen our consciousness of our own freedom from them.

But on Christmas Day all good Christians should confess, and we must acknowledge that no civilized country would ever permit itself to be in such a plight as ours during the week before the meeting of Congress. "Men," said an intelligent woman during that week—"men say that women are not competent to take part in government. But I am very much mistaken if American women could possibly have proved their incompetency so completely as to leave the government without a head if the President should die. That is what the men did who tell us that we are unfit for political responsibilities." To that intelligent woman's remark there was no reply, except that God takes care of children, the United States—and other things. We are very fond of saying that no individual is of any especial importance in a republic. That is true, if the citizens do their duty. But it was not true in this republic during that week, because we had not done our duty. Fortunately this is the season of gifts, and old Santa Claus Experience has probably dropped into Uncle Sam's stocking an enormous warning, and by next Christmas our uncle will have taken that particular sting from the relentless remark of the intelligent woman. But in what other country could so serious a situation be so quietly and effectively remedied? In poor Spain the lawful executive succession is plain enough, but who dares to say that it will not be disputed to the point of civil war? In this country, a year ago, a slight plurality of votes decreed the transfer of administration from one great party to another, and, the result once ascertained, the momentous transfer was accomplished as quietly as the transfer of an apple from the apple woman to the boy who has paid his penny. We have every reason to wish ourselves merry Christmas, and without trouble we can be the Santa Claus to drop into the stocking of our posterity equal reason for the same good wish.



DOLLY VANSITTERT'S OTHER LOVER.

A Ghost Story.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I.

FOUR of us belonged to and constituted a club, called the Four-spot Club, which met four times a month at Wallie Dinsmore's study. We there drank a beverage composed of four ingredients, smoked four cigars apiece, and played poker four hours. Our mystic number was illustrated by various other symbols and observances, which, however, I am not at liberty to make public. We were a close corporation. Each member had his official title. Wallie was Straight Flush, Moorfield Sarcey was Ace High, Hamilton Puckeridge was Game, and I was Chips. Were I to reveal the mystic significance of these shibboleths, the firmament would be rolled together like a scroll, and the stars would fall upon the earth. Mrs. Dinsmore occasionally looked in benignly upon our proceedings; but that was only to make us feel that Wallie was acting under her permission, and that she approved of us in the abstract.

II.

"Midnight!" said Wallie, as the small clock on the mantel-piece struck the hour which divided the 4th from the 5th of November, 1884. "Empty your glasses, boys, and count up your chips."

"Who's got a light?" said Moorfield, who always let his cigar go out during a game, and smoked between times.

"Don't you yet know where the matches are kept?" asked Wallie, severely. "Look in the china box on the top of the book-case between the—"

"I'm ahead!" interrupted Hamilton Puckeridge. "I knew I should be. Four dollars, please."

"Listen to the Thibetan philosopher!" said Chips, satirically. "He has got now so that he can foretell the issues of his own chicanery."

"By-the-way, H. P.," said Moorfield, sucking at his cigar, "what's all this I hear about your magical acquirements? Can you really work off any juggles?"

"I must request that no one here will refer to this matter in a frivolous spirit," interposed Wallie, with great gravity. "I have seen something of Hamilton's powers, and they should be spoken of only with awe and reverence. I was myself a skeptic at first, but now I believe. The other night, at the Scroll Club, half a dozen of us staid over, and Hamilton said that he could blindfold any one of us, and then compel him, by—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" Puckeridge exclaimed. "You make me tired."

"—By sheer force of will," Wallie continued, "to come straight up to him from the other side of the room. We tied a handkerchief round Chips here, turned him round seven times, and then brought him up within ten feet of where Hamilton was, and started him off. Hamilton stood with his arms stretched out toward the subject, and beckoning to him with his fingers. Now comes the wonderful part. Chips turned his back upon him—"

"That's all right," said Puckeridge, settling his eyeglasses, "but I can tell you there's something in it."

"—He turned his back upon him," Wallie went on, "and after pausing a moment to catch the indications of the mysterious will-power that was drawing him, he set off down the room. We sat there with bated breath. Hamilton never stopped beckoning, and the perspiration started to his brow. Chips kept straight on, tumbling over the tables and chairs, until he got to the further end of the room. He tried to get through the wall—such was the awful power of Hamilton's will—but as he couldn't, he turned round and came back. When he got nearly to the place he started from, so that he could hear Hamilton panting, he stopped, and said he didn't feel the indications any more; and Hamilton dropped into a chair, exhausted by his triumph. Who could remain a skeptic after that? It cured me."

"Perhaps you are not aware," said Moorfield, "that a native adept in these supernatural sciences has lately landed on our shores, and is at this moment in New York. I forget the first two or three inches of his name, but we call him Mr. Chesunder. He has been welcomed into the most exclusive circles of metropolitan aristocracy, and the nose of our friend Viscount Flick-Flack is irremediably out of joint."

"I have heard of him, but I haven't seen him," said Puckeridge. "Have you?"

"Well, to some extent, I may say I have. The other evening I enjoyed the distinction of occupying the same environment with him for a time."

"After a certain hour in the evening Moorfield always talks like an auctioneer trying to knock down the works of Herbert Spencer," remarked Chips.

"While Chips's conversation suggests the misanthropy of one whose wares no auctioneer would look at," rejoined Moorfield, in allusion to the current belief that Chips sometimes sent verses to the magazines.

"What sort of a chap is he?" inquired Puckeridge.

"He gives one quite a pleasant idea of the society of the Thibetan plateau. Distinguished manners, courtly address, and Oriental appearance. Knows Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, is himself a past grandmaster of Theosophy, and pays compliments in all the fashionable European and Asiatic languages."

"In English too?"

"The purest Belgravian. His voice is low—an excellent thing in Theosophy; he has an interesting way of appearing and vanishing mysteriously; and, in short, produces a general impression of being his own—"

"Boot-black?"

"Best friend?"

"Worst enemy?"

"If you are quite through, gentlemen?—astral."

"Gas, I should have said," put in Wallie, yawning.

"Where does he give his entertainments?" asked Puckeridge, jingling his four dollars in his trousers pocket.

"And what is your commission?" added Chips.

"*Vulgis omnia vulgar.* The eminent Hindoo prophet of whom I speak does not display his powers for lucre. Indeed, he is said to wear the Philosopher's Stone in his seal ring."

"Then what in the name of the Prophet is he doing here?" demanded Chips.

"He means to marry an American girl, and start a posterity of Indio-American creoles," said Wallie.

"Well, I must interview him," observed Puckeridge. "I've got a theory about hypnotism—"

"Derived from your practice?" asked Wallie.

"Don't be an ass," said Puckeridge, testily. "Hypnotism is a recognized scientific fact, and physicians use it in their practice. Look at the London 'Psychical Research' pamphlets. There's no sense in laughing at a thing because you don't understand it. It's a species of magnetism."

"I have occasionally operated a little in that line myself," remarked Moorfield.

"Another?" exclaimed Wallie. "This is very sad."

"Tell us about it," said Puckeridge.

"How do trains run between here and Harlem?" inquired Chips, with a sigh.

"The best was my brother," said Moorfield. "I put him in a chair with his eyes closed, and began waving my claws over him. He sat quite still and took no notice, and I labored over him for fifteen minutes, until I got tired. At last I told him to get up. Well, gentlemen, I joined the Twenty-second Regiment five years after the close of the war, I have danced in full regimentals at the Academy of Music, and my courage is beyond question; but that brother of mine scared me bald-headed."

"Did he snore?" asked Wallie.

"He got up, but his eyes were shut just the same. I moved back a step, and he followed me. I put my right hand in my pocket; he put his left hand in *his* pocket. By that time I was interested, and I went through all the capers I could think of. It was just like standing in front of a looking-glass: he imitated me down to the twinkle of a nostril—eyes shut all the time."

"What are you giving us?" exclaimed Wallie, twisting his huge red mustache.

"I'm giving it you straight, just as sure as you're alive. Well, my young friends, I got scared about that time, and yelled at him to wake him up. I might as well have made love to a bed-post. Then I started for the door to get somebody to help me, and that boy followed me step for step, and turn for turn, for all the world like practicing goose-step. I dodged into a room and locked the door between us, and by the Great Egyptian Blacking-jug! he stood with his nose glued to that door until I gave up and opened it. We set the doctor on him, and he tried everything short of blowing him up with dynamite, and the fellow never wagged an eyelash. This thing went on from eleven in the morning till nine o'clock at night. Then an individual appeared upon the scene who happened to know something about magnetism (this was your humble servant's initial experiment, if you please), and he told me to reverse the downward caresses by which I had wooed him to repose. So I took off my coat and sailed in, but it was half past ten before I fetched him; and since then I have used my awful power with more discretion. The trouble with Tom was that I had put him to sleep with the first half-dozen passes, and all the rest of the fifteen minutes I was just wiring him down and tying double knots over him."

"You will find the matches in the china box on the top of the book-case," began Wallie, in a somnolent tone.

"Look here, Moorfield, is that honest Indian?" said Puckeridge, much interested.

"Frozen truth," replied Moorfield.

"Well, by George, it's as good as I want! Why didn't you tell me before? I say, you must come over to my rooms some night. We'll try some experiments. If we could only get a proper subject, we might have a go at clairvoyance."

"Boys," interrupted Wallie, getting up and removing his coat resolutely, "I'm going to bed. You may do as you like, of course, but I hope you'll go home. If Hamilton Puckeridge has clairvoyance enough left to get his pass-key into the key-hole, it will be as great a miracle as I expect of him. Don't all go at once; don't tumble down-stairs; and try to scare up a new topic of conversation for next week."

III.

In 1866, or thereabouts (I heard the substance of the story from Moorfield Sarcey, who was a great friend of mine—we were in the School of Mines at Freiberg together), an American gentleman and his wife, by the name of Vansittert, were travelling in Europe. They had come abroad for their wedding trip, and having practically exhausted England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and Greece in six months, finally, to escape cold weather and to get new impressions, crossed over to Cairo. Their original idea was to visit the cataracts, but as there was a difficulty that year in getting dahabeeyahs, they at length made up their minds to cross the isthmus and investigate India, of which they had heard glowing accounts.

The Suez Canal was not at that period in working order; nevertheless, they reached the Red Sea without any noteworthy adventure, and took ship thence to Calcutta, city of palaces. Having letters of introduction to some American and English residents, they entered the society of the place, and enjoyed the novel sensations of a tropical Christmas. Mrs. Vansittert was a very enterprising lady, and though her condition at the time was not such as to warrant much physical exertion, she presently conceived a strong desire to proceed northward and investigate some of the less well known regions in the vicinity of the Himalayan range. Some travellers whom she met, and who had lately returned thence, gave stimulating accounts of the cave-temples with their strange carvings, and spoke of a mysterious society of persons who were supposed to hold meetings in some of these forgotten caverns and practice magical arts. Mrs. Vansittert had seen some of the native jugglers and fakirs, and having a taste for marvels, had been much delighted with them; but she was given to understand that their performances were altogether on a lower level than those of the true adepts, the Hierophants of Thibet; and to make the acquaintance of one of these transcendent beings became her fixed ambition. Mr. Vansittert neither believed in nor cared for anything supernatural, nor was he especially interested in ancient Indian architecture, but he adored his wife, and would have followed her to the top of Mount Everest, if she had insisted upon going thither. Accordingly, he caused such preparations for the journey to be made as would most effectively diminish the hardships and enhance the attractions, and they set out about the last of December, intending to be gone a month.

The ancient city of Benares was their first objective point, and they resolved for the present to make their head-quarters there, and project excursions into the neighborhood. Dowletabad, in the province of Aurungabad, though scarcely more than a region of ruins, was made the base for an advance to the table-land of the mountains of Ellora, where some of the more remarkable caves and excavations were to be found. The lofty and rocky acclivities, in tower-like peaks and vast cubical masses, clothed with scanty herbage or wholly naked, and with clumps of stunted bushes growing in clefts here and there, surround an almost level space resembling the stage of some Titanic amphitheatre. The atmosphere in these altitudes is dry and pure and comparatively cool, and the sky overhead seems to have a greater depth and transparency than elsewhere. There are little or no signs of habitation, but the loneliness is rendered more impressive by the remnants of strange and almost prehistoric architecture that adorn the iron faces of the cliffs and the gloomy openings of the caverns. The latter are of unknown extent and depth, and their exploration, save under adequate guidance, is not unattended by some danger, even leaving out of account the sources of superstitious terror which cling to the spot. But Mrs. Vansittert was afraid of nothing, and did not wish her enjoyment of the weird and mysterious to be marred by the presence of unsympathetic natives; and therefore when she and her husband set forth one afternoon to make a preliminary investigation of these colossal catacombs, they went alone.

In every direction, and at various elevations on the sides of the mountains, were visible holes and apertures in the rock, partly natural and partly human handiwork, though the hands that wrought them had been dust for perhaps thousands of years past. The entrances to the larger openings—the cave-temples—were marked by gigantic sculptures carved out of the living stone, and producing an effect as if the mountain were gradually quickening into animal shapes. The two Americans, having the world before them where to choose, could not for some time make up their minds which of the mystic portals looked the more inviting; but Mrs. Vansittert finally decided to make trial of a stately corridor along both sides of which were drawn up seemingly interminable rows of enormous elephants, dark, solemn, and ponderous as the mountain that had given them birth. The rocky floor was level, and had been worn smooth by the shuffling feet of forgotten generations; but some distance inward an imponderable dust had gathered upon it, probably the result of the gradual decay of the roof and walls. By this time the light of day streaming in from the entrance had diminished to a twilight that was almost darkness, and Mr. Vansittert lit the torches which he and his wife had brought with them.

The corridor now took a turn toward the left, and diminished considerably both in breadth and height; and there was also a perceptible descent, not in a uniform slope, but in a series of very wide and shallow steps. At the bottom of the descent came another turn, sharper than the first, and then another level stretch, which finally led into a large, irregular hall, with a dome-like roof, and the sides of which, upon examination, were seen to be covered with a low bass-relief of allegorical figures.

The atmosphere in this hall was dry but chilly, and the stillness and silence were oppressive. The slightest sound made by the adventurers was exaggerated and prolonged by the echoing walls, and seemed to travel afar into remote recesses, and then to come back with faint whispers and murmurings of awe and bewilderment. Had any human being been within hailing distance, his footsteps along the passageways would have sounded like the tramp of a giant. But the young wife and husband had the place to themselves, and had they been at the centre of the earth, their solitude could not have seemed more complete.

Mr. Vansittert now thought it high time to be turning their steps homeward, arguing that they had probably had a good sample of anything they should be likely to find; that they had already been absent nearly two hours, and that it would be nightfall by the time they reached Dowletabad. Mrs. Vansittert protested she would like nothing better than to spend the night in wandering about the caverns; but as this was manifestly impracticable, she yielded to her husband's representations, and they set out on their return. For a while they proceeded without any accident, but at last Mrs. Vansittert observed that they seemed to be going down instead of upward, as they ought to do.

Mr. Vansittert had already made the same observation to himself, but had forborne mentioning the fact aloud, lest he should alarm his wife. After debating the matter, they agreed that they must have left the hall by another passage than that by which they entered it, and that their best plan would be to return thither and take a fresh departure. They faced about accordingly; but it grew evident, before many minutes, that they had become immersed in a labyrinth leading everywhere and nowhere. At all events, it led everywhere except in the direction they wanted to go. They speedily lost all sense of direction, and each new turn of the path seemed to be carrying them further and further down into a subterranean world. Mrs. Vansittert, who was in no way fitted for a long walk, and had already passed the safe limits of exertion, began to lean very heavily on her husband's arm; but the passage soon became so narrow as to render walking abreast impossible. Mr. Vansittert went first, and she followed, supporting herself as well as she could on his shoulder. Neither of them felt inclined to speak much. They did not feel terror, but the realization of their position produced an emotion of deep solemnity. "I am glad we are together, Fred," Mrs. Vansittert said once. And that indicated the feeling that was nearest to both their hearts.

"By George!" exclaimed Vansittert at length, "I believe we're getting back to that hall again; at least this seems to be—"

Before he could complete the sentence, both their torches were suddenly extinguished. This was the more singular inasmuch as neither of them had been sensible of any draught of air. The flame had simply disappeared, without warning and without apparent cause.

Vansittert had a box of matches in his pocket, and he at once attempted to rekindle the torches by means of them. But, as he struck one after another, they burned feebly for a moment and then went out. The young American also became sensible for the first time of a quality in the air that rendered breathing difficult and produced a sensation of giddiness. This discovery gave him a pang of alarm. What if they should be smothered in some mephitic vapor!

With a vague idea that they would be safer in the spaciousness of the hall, he caught his wife's hand and drew her forward. But his foot trod on air; he fell forward and downward, and lost consciousness.

IV.

In a few moments (as it seemed to him) he regained his senses, and looked about him. It was no longer dark, though what the nature of the light was or whence it proceeded he could not tell. It was of a pale reddish hue, and was equally diffused, revealing a chamber of moderate dimensions cut out of the solid rock, and shaped in an oval form, like the mould of a gigantic egg. There was no visible entrance or exit to this cell; but near one end stood a tall block of polished porphyry cut in the shape of a triangular prism, and probably designed to serve as an altar. This and a long narrow ledge or shelf hewn out of the wall, on which he himself was lying, were the only objects in the place. Mrs. Vansittert was nowhere to be seen.

This appalling fact had scarcely dawned upon Vansittert's still confused apprehension when he became aware that he was not, as he had imagined, alone. Whence the strange presence came he knew not; when he first saw him he was on the other side of the porphyry altar, and was in the act of advancing toward him. Possibly, in the bewilderment of the first moments, he had failed to notice him. The figure was of commanding height, and was clad in a long habit of coarse dark material, confined at the waist with a cord, and furnished with a cowl, which was drawn over the head, and partly shaded the face. His eyes had a dusky intensity of expression that fascinated Vansittert's attention; his complexion was dark, and his features denoted strength and composure. The American, however, paid no attention to these details at the moment. Not unnaturally connecting the stranger's appearance with the disappearance of his wife, he asked him, very peremptorily, where she was.

The stranger, who was standing within two paces of him, made no reply, but contemplated him fixedly. Vansittert, suspecting some treachery, sprang forward to seize him. But his hands had no sooner touched him than they fell to his sides, strangely benumbed and powerless, and at the same moment the light in the room vanished, and he was once more in total darkness. Immediately he felt himself grasped with irresistible strength, his eyes were blindfolded, and he was raised off the ground and borne swiftly forward. In a few instants he was again set on his feet, and the bandage removed. He was in an immense vaulted apartment, hewn out of red granite, and lighted from the roof by a representation of the sun and the seven planets, disposed in a circular plane of azure. The frieze of this lofty room was sculptured with designs emblematic of various Oriental religions, beneath which was inscribed in gold a series of sentences in Sanskrit. Tall effigies of the deities of India and Chaldea extended from thence to the floor, dividing the walls into panels, on which were wrought mysterious diagrams and hieroglyphic figures. In the centre of the room was fixed a truncated pyramid of polished black marble, the four sides fashioned into flights of steps, while upon the truncated surface rested an enormous sphere of crystal, which appeared to absorb all the splendor of the great temple, and reflect it forth again in streams of radiant light. At the foot of the steps, at each of the four corners, stood large urns of wrought silver, from which arose a faint blue steam of incense, the fragrance of which permeated the warm atmosphere. And upon the cushions of a divan, between two of the urns, lay the form of Mrs. Vansittert, pale, and with closed eyes.

Her husband, finding that his strength had returned to him, went hurriedly forward to her. He knelt beside her, took her hand, and bent to listen for her breathing; but she appeared to be lifeless. The horror and bewilderment of this moment were never forgotten by Vansittert. But in the midst of his anguish he heard a grave and melodious voice speaking to him in English, and looking up, beheld the same cowled figure who had lately confronted him in the oval chamber. He was standing on the black marble steps, and the smoke of the incense rising in front of him gave him the appearance of having emerged from one of the silver urns.

"Do you find all you seek?" inquired this personage.

The calm and gentle tone in which the question was put did not diminish the seeming inhumanity of the taunt implied in it, and the American turned white with wrath.

"Who are you?" he cried out, leaping to his feet; "and what have you done to her?"

"We do no evil," replied the other, with unaltered composure. "This woman has not suffered at our hands, although she and you have ventured beyond the limits prescribed for the unauthorized. Yet she lies in danger of death, unless help come speedily."

The bearing of the speaker was so impressive with serene power and dignity, and the manner of his speech, as well as the superb accessories of the scene, suggested such boundless resources, both physical and spiritual, that Vansittert could not but recognize his own helplessness under the circumstances, and perceive that his wisest course would be to invite the assistance rather than provoke the resentment of the being who had him at such advantage. Moreover, so far as he knew, the speaker's disclaimer of responsibility for the calamity might be true. Indeed, so far as appeared, the situation, but for his interference, might have been even worse than it was.

"She is my wife," he said. "I care more for her than for anything else in the world. I am a rich man, and I am ready to give all I have to any one who can help her."

"The hands that builded this temple and erected this altar have no need of riches," returned the other, mildly.

"What can I do, then?" exclaimed Vansittert. "You are a man, I suppose; have you no humanity?"

"We study the healing art, and it is a part of our purpose to do good to the body as well as to the spirit," replied the cowled figure. "If you ask our help, it shall be given you. But gratitude as well as charity is wholesome to the soul, and we, in return for restoring life to this woman whom you love, shall require of you something that is dear to us."

"You shall have it," exclaimed the American, impulsively; "if it were the last drop of blood in my body!"

"What we desire will perhaps never be felt by you as a sacrifice, though your solemn promise that it shall be given is not the less essential. Eighteen years will have passed before we shall claim our recompense. Before that time you and she also may have passed into the ages of repose which those of your faith call heaven."

"If you mean a bequest, that is easily managed," said Vansittert; "and you may take it either to-morrow or any other time. You only have to name what you want, and I will give any assurance you please. But what is it?"

"That you shall know hereafter," replied the other, "and by a sign that you will not fail to recognize."

"What sign is that?" demanded Vansittert.

"It will be communicated to you on your return to Benares, where you will go immediately after leaving here. It is the cipher of our Brotherhood, and will be reproduced upon that one of your possessions which we shall hereafter claim of you. It only remains for you to take the oath. Kneel down and fix your eyes upon this crystal."

Vansittert complied, and the other administered to him a form of covenant, the terms of which the American never revealed. Then, having motioned to him still to remain upon his knees, the cowled figure mounted the marble steps and waved his hands above the crystal sphere. Immediately the latter began to increase in brightness, while the light proceeding from the planisphere in the ceiling diminished in the same proportion; so that it seemed as if the crystal were collecting into itself all the brightness of the temple. In a few moments all around was dim and shadowy, and only this central lustre remained. Meanwhile the smoke from the silver urns rolled forth in perfumed clouds and filled the hall, in the gloom of which the American fancied he could partly discern shadowy figures mounting tier above tier, like the myriad spectators at some gigantic amphitheatre, and all with their gaze directed solemnly upon him; and murmurs fell upon his ears, and the rustling of garments, like the stir and whisper of a vast assemblage. The light from the crystal sphere was now concentrated in a single dazzling ray, the radiance of which fell directly upon the figure of his wife as she reclined upon the divan. It grew so bright that he involuntarily closed his eyes, and an irresistible languor overcame his senses. The murmur of voices became louder, and swelled into a chant, which throbbed through his brain and charmed it into slumber. Slowly the light and the sound faded away, as if removed into a greater and still greater distance, and all seemed a dream, until consciousness itself waned and was extinguished.

A hand was laid upon his forehead, and a well-known voice spoke in his ear. He raised his head and stared about him. He was lying near the entrance of the cavern, and the sunshine rested on the landscape beyond the portals. His wife was beside him, smiling, and calling him by name. Was it a dream indeed?

V.

When Moorfield told me this story (which he did in a very colloquial style that I have not attempted to imitate), I found myself constrained to ask him several questions.

"Do you believe all that?" was my first inquiry.

"Old man Vansittert seemed to, when he told it to me," Moorfield replied. "I thought that some parts of it sounded steep, myself; but of course it was none of my funeral."

"I guess he must have dreamed nine-tenths of it," I suggested.

Moorfield knocked the ash from his cigar. "By-the-way," he said, "there was a queer point that I forgot to tell you. When they came out of the cave they found the whole country was out after them, and upon making inquiries they found that whereas it was Monday afternoon when they went in, it was Wednesday morning when they came out. Yes, my Christian friend, there was deviltry about somewhere."

"Did anything come out of it?"

"Well, Dolly—Miss Vansittert, I mean—was born about four months afterward; and— I don't know whether you ever saw the birth-mark she has behind her ear, low down?"

I shook my head.

"Well— But pardon me: I'm giving it to you wrong end foremost. You remember that the fellow in the cowl had said that the thing he wanted Vansittert to give him would be found with the cipher of the Brotherhood upon it?"

"I know."

"When Mrs. Vansittert got to Benares that evening, she found something round her neck that she had never put there herself. It was a fine gold chain, and attached to it was a sort of medal with a hieroglyphic stamped on it. They showed it to people there who knew about such things, but nobody could tell what it was. But a fakir happened to see it, and it scared him bald-headed. He went down on his knees, and rubbed his nose on the floor, and acted toward Mrs. Vansittert as if she were dynamite. So this birth-mark I was telling you of—"

"What about that?"

"Is the exact reproduction of the hieroglyphic on the medal."

"But," said I, after some meditation, "that might all be natural, you know."

"To be sure it might," assented Moorfield; "and then, again, it might not, you know. That is the peculiarity about all these things. The case presents itself to me in this way: If the mark on the medal was not the cipher of the Brotherhood, what was it? And if Miss Vansittert was not designated as that one of her father's possessions which the Brotherhood meant to claim, then what was?"

"Where is the medal now?"

"Miss Vansittert wears it round her neck. I have often compared the stamp with the birth-mark, and they're as alike as one pin to another."

"At the end of eighteen years, the fellow said. Let's see—1866 to 1884. Why, it's about eighteen years now, isn't it?"

"And by the same token Miss Vansittert is eighteen years old."

"This becomes interesting. But of course the whole thing's absurd. What should a lot of jugglers in Thibet want with a New York girl who wasn't born? Besides, her father and mother are both dead, and her aunt, if I'm not mistaken, is not the sort of woman to send her niece to India on any such fool's errand."

"If her aunt is the sort of woman, it will be found that I am not the sort of man," rejoined Moorfield, with decision, "and I guess I have something to say about it."

This was undeniable, for he had been engaged to Dolly Vansittert for eight or nine months past, and the wedding was to come off early in the year.

"Does Miss Vansittert know anything about it?" I asked.

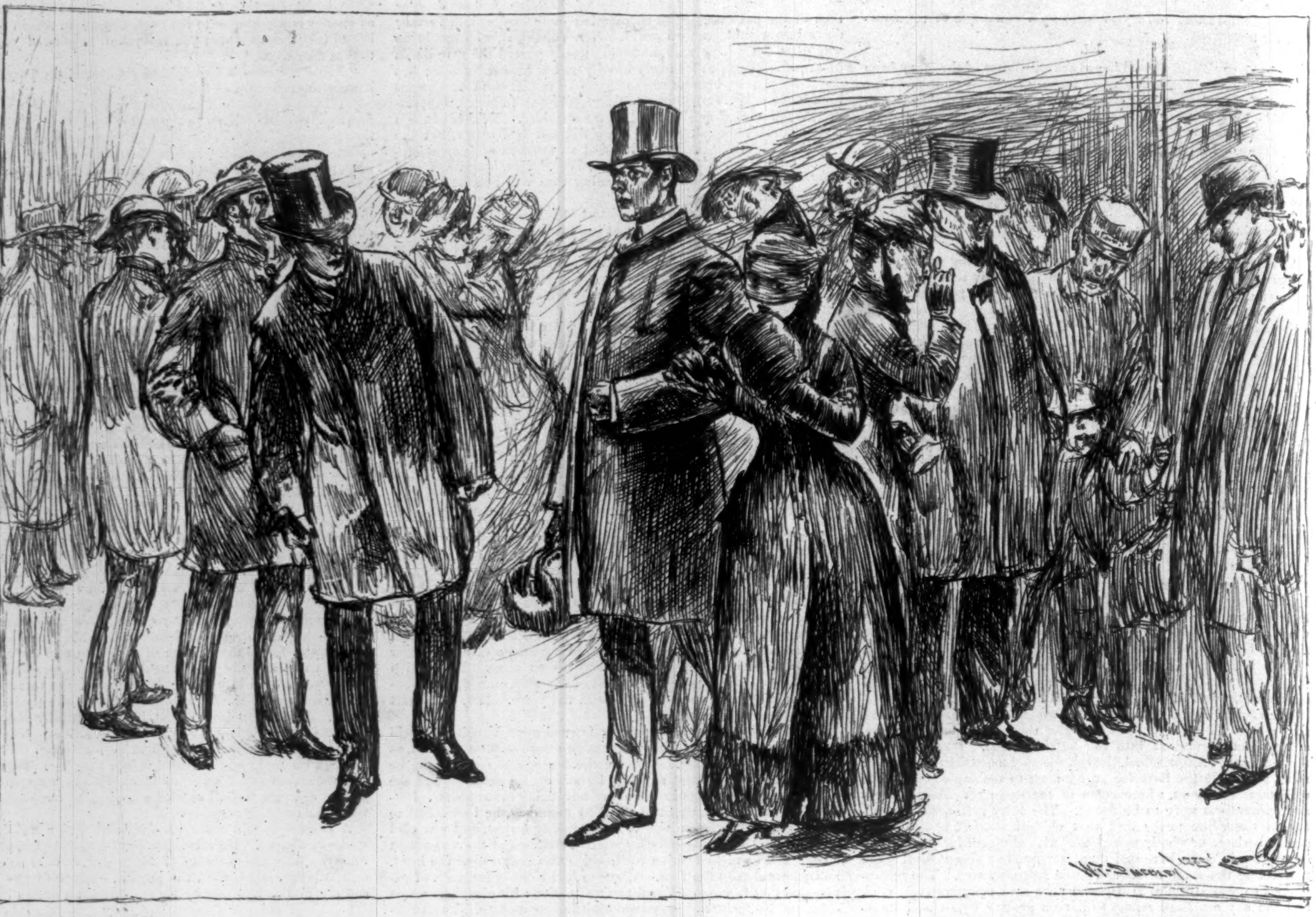
"And believes it too."

"What does she mean to do about it?"

"Well, if she doesn't do anything about it, I shall be satisfied."

"Did Mr. Vansittert leave any papers referring to it, or anything of that kind?"

"None that I ever saw. If he did, though, I know who has them, and that is no other than our venerable and reverend friend Parson Shenstone, who made Mr. and Mrs. Vansittert man and



DOLLY VANSITTERT'S OTHER LOVER—"SUDDENLY MOORFIELD SPRANG FORWARD WITH AN EXCLAMATION."—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 815.]

wife, and is to perform the same kind office for Dolly and me. He was Mr. Vansittert's executor, and he knows more about the true inwardness of this yarn than any other person alive. In fact, I suspect he knows more about things in general, including the Brotherhood itself, perhaps, than any other gentleman in this part of the universe. I've seen some queer books in his library, and I've heard him say some queer things. And he looks on Dolly as his daughter, and if there's going to be a fight about her, I should be considerably surprised if Father Shenstone wasn't in it."

This conversation took place some time previous to the poker party described in the beginning of my narrative. It left me with the impression that my friend Moorfield was more disposed to put faith in the story of the caverns of Ellora than he cared to admit. And when, at the poker party afore-mentioned, something was said about the mysterious Mr. Chesunder having come over here to marry a New York heiress, I thought I noticed that Moorfield changed countenance, and it occurred to me that, under the circumstances, he might choose to regard the suggestion from a point of view personal to himself. This made me curious to form my own conclusions about Mr. Chesunder from actual inspection of him.

VI.

Mr. and Mrs. Vansittert had been wealthy people, and though Mr. Vansittert was "in business," I imagine his business consisted mainly in tearing off coupons, reading the financial column in the newspapers, and discussing the bad times with friends on the street. He was a genial, well-fed, comfortable gentleman, who had everything he wanted (except, perhaps, a son), and with whom everybody was glad to dine. He lived in a handsome house on Madison Avenue below Forty-second Street, and, after his return from his first trip abroad, never left America again. In summer he used to go to Newport and Saratoga or to Long Branch. At home, he spent a good deal of time in reading. He was frank and affable in general conversation, though upon some points, and at some seasons, he was reserved. He was devoted to his wife, and idolized his daughter, who was his only child.

Mrs. Vansittert was said to have been a great beauty in her youth, and was always a very fascinating woman, though in her latter years her health was delicate. She had an extreme nervous susceptibility, which, while it doubtless enhanced her charms, must have been the occasion of no little suffering to her. It was said that this delicacy was noticeable only after the birth of her daughter. She was a fine musician, and, indeed, appreciated the best music so highly that any other than the best caused her pain. She seemed to possess other, or at any rate finer, senses than most people, and sometimes would answer a question before it was asked, or otherwise betray a knowledge of what was going on in her interlocutor's mind. Her hair and eyes were brown, her complexion delicate and transparent. Among her peculiarities was a great horror of darkness. Her drawing-rooms were always brilliantly lighted, and she never slept without a light in her chamber. Probably she may at some time have received a shock that produced this nervousness. Although a very religious woman, she attended no church; but the Rev. Mr. Shenstone was her old and intimate friend, and a frequent visitor at her house. Mrs. Vansittert died when her daughter was thirteen years old, and her husband survived her not longer than two years.

Dolly Vansittert resembled both her father and her mother. Her figure was cast in a somewhat fuller mould than is usual with our young women, though she was not above an agreeable height. But her organization was very sensitive, and was quickly acted upon by her mind, so that a few hours' grief or anxiety would make her seem perceptibly thinner. She was a very beautiful girl, having her father's blue eyes and her mother's complexion and brown hair. She was fond of society and of amusement, and was easily stimulated to excitement and mirthfulness; but tears came as easily, and were never very far off. She had strong and apparently unreasoning antipathies to certain things and persons; and most of her acquaintances pronounced her fickle, because she was apt to rate them too highly at first and too justly afterward. Her friends never made this complaint, but of friends she had not many. She often wore an expectant air, as though awaiting the appearance of some person or event that should solve a great riddle or end a long suspense. But this look as often subsided into disappointment, because the suspense still remained unrelieved and the riddle delayed to be read. In some respects, not easily definable, she seemed a separate nature, not vitally in sympathy with the common and catholic impulses of humanity. Perhaps some strange experience was needed to break down these viewless barriers, or, it might be, to formulate distinctly and irrevocably her spiritual alienation from the race.

Concerning Mrs. Trafalgar, Dolly Vansittert's aunt, it is only to be said that she was a woman of fashion, an adept in all social observances, and, in her own way and sphere, a very useful and able personage. She was, and had always been, in easy circumstances, and at her brother's death became the guardian of her niece. Mr. Vansittert's fortune was bequeathed to Dolly, and would become hers upon her marriage, or when she completed her twenty-first year. Meanwhile, of course, she was in the enjoyment of everything that money could control. Her engagement to Moorfield Sarcey was as agreeable to the family and social interests involved as to the parties to the contract themselves. And so the outlook seemed in all respects a bright one.

And yet the thought sometimes would occur to me that a mishap might be in store for the young people. Dolly Vansittert, good, charming, and lovely as she was, appeared to me lacking in something that fits a woman for the married state. I knew her well, and nevertheless, in a certain sense, I felt that I did not know her at all. Moorfield, no doubt, knew her much better than I did, but did he know all? I fancied once in a while that he had a secret misgiving. There was a mystery about the girl; whether for good or ill, time only could prove.

A few days after the meeting of the Four Spots I was moved to make an afternoon call on Dolly Vansittert, who lived with her aunt in Fifty-third Street.

VII.

It was a gloomy, wintry day, and so dark in Mrs. Trafalgar's drawing-room that I could scarcely distinguish her bland and elegant features as I shook hands with her. And she, on her side, betrayed a similar lack of penetration.

"Really, when you first appeared in the doorway," she exclaimed, "I took you for Mr. Chesunder."

"I am sorry to be a disappointment," I replied.

"You didn't disappoint me," remarked Dolly, who now came forward from a dark corner to greet me. "I could never be mistaken in Mr. Chesunder—or in you," she quickly added.

"I have heard of this Oriental dignitary, but never have seen him," I said. "Are you expecting him?"

"He never comes when he is expected—that is his peculiarity," said Mrs. Trafalgar.

"His coming was never unexpected to me," Dolly observed.

"No. I tell her that there seems to be a hidden sympathy between them, and I'm not sure but I ought to warn Moorfield," added the elder lady, laughing.

"I'll back Moorfield against all the Chesunders in India," said I.

Mrs. Trafalgar hereupon remarked that Moorfield and Mr. Chesunder were "very different." At which Dolly smiled, and at the same time sighed. We were now seated comfortably round the open wood fire, by means of which rich New-Yorkers are accustomed to ignore (though not to dispense with) the unobtrusive necessary furnace. The flame sometimes drooped and smouldered, and sometimes flickered brightly forth, illuminating our faces for a moment, and sparkling on Mrs. Trafalgar's diamond rings, and on the gold chain that encircled Dolly's neck, and glowing more dimly upon the dark polished table and the drapery of the lounge. The knowledge that a dreary snow-storm was going on out-doors made us feel the more cozy.

"If I were Mr. Chesunder, I would not have come away from India in winter."

"There is a time for everything," rejoined Dolly. But whether she intended anything more than a platitude I could not determine.

"Didn't the bell ring?" said Mrs. Trafalgar, after a pause.

"Mr. Chesunder!" I exclaimed, looking at Dolly.

"No," she answered. "I suppose it must be Moorfield." But she was wrong; it turned out to be the Rev. Mr. Shenstone. He was a fine-looking old man, with a superb great head, shaggy with white hair, and a wise, serene, strong face. As he joined our little circle by the fireside, and took Dolly's soft hand affectionately in his own large, powerful one, I was glad to feel that the young lady had so important and familiar a friend in her immediate background. For although, humanly speaking, she seemed lifted above the contingency of ordinary ill luck and necessity, yet the support and good-will of such a man as this might almost be deemed a protection against sorrow and low spirits. He diffused an atmosphere of cheer and confidence, and could, I doubt not, through his brave old spectacles, have looked the devil himself out of countenance.

Not long after his entrance, while we were all conversing comfortably, Moorfield joined us, and brought with him, as he generally did, an element of quaint humor and fun. He was a peculiar fellow, a mingling of curious incongruities. He was a fastidious man of fashion in habits and bearing, yet generous and genial in heart. His expression had a singular, almost gratuitous gravity, yet he was constantly witty and amusing to an irresistible degree; his face had the air and style of a typical New York man about town, and yet his features were cast in a mould that bore a striking resemblance to the physiognomy of George Washington. His figure was slender and graceful, and he was not so tall or so heavy a man as the historic George by three or four inches and eighty or ninety pounds.

"Dolly," said the reverend old Shenstone, in a momentary pause of the talk and laughter, "I have had a presentiment."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dolly, drawing herself up with a slight shiver.

"I was just going to ring for tea," said Mrs. Trafalgar, who was both a quick-witted and a matter-of-fact lady.

"It was about your marriage," continued the old gentleman.

"By a strange coincidence, so have I," remarked Moorfield. "It is to the effect that her happiness will begin on the 1st of February."

"Too late by two weeks," said Mr. Shenstone, gravely.

"Please don't!" entreated Dolly, in a frightened tone. The rest of us laughed.

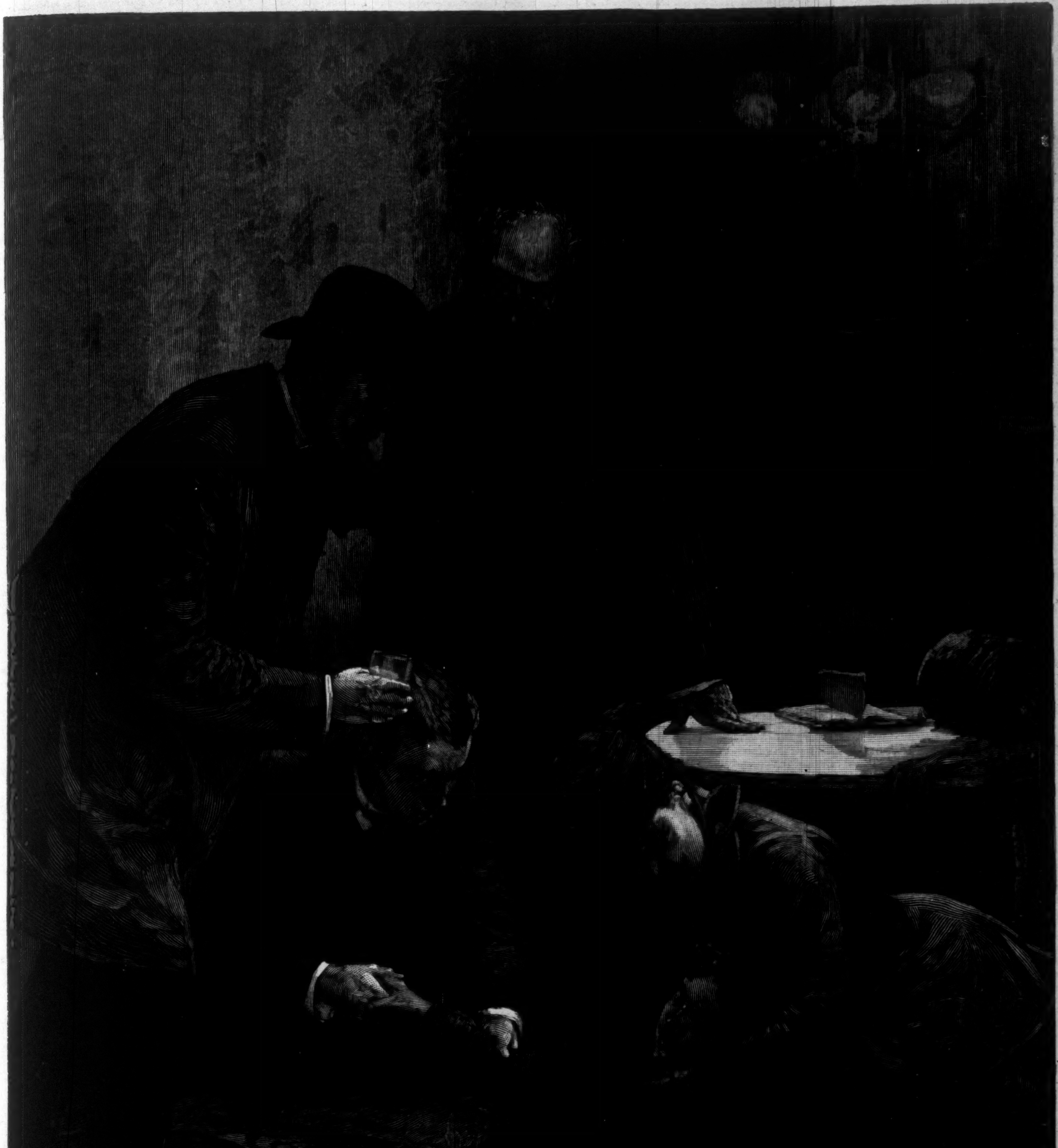
"The cards will be sent out to-morrow," observed Mrs. Trafalgar.

"Have the date altered," returned Mr. Shenstone, composedly.

"You lead me to infer that you propose to become the husband of the young lady yourself," put in Moorfield, with an especially melancholy droop of the corners of his mouth.

"Youth is presumptuous and overconfident," said the old man, shaking his head with a grave smile. "Lovely girls have been carried off, even at the foot of the altar, by older and less available men than I before now. So look to it."

There was something in his manner that rendered it difficult for some of us—for myself, at any rate—to determine whether he spoke in jest or earnest. His suggestion was certainly an extraordinary one; but then Mr. Shenstone was an extraordinary man. He was a mystic, and he occasionally (though always with a quietness and sobriety that belonged to him, and gave to what he did a sort of abnormal reasonableness) ran directly



DOLLY VANSITTERT'S OTHER LOVER—"THE POOR GIRL SANK DOWN LIFELESS ON THE FLOOR."—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 815.]

counter to all recognized custom and conventionality.

A short silence followed his last utterance, and I confess I felt some curiosity as to what would be said next, and who would say it. But the thread of the conversation was not destined to be resumed—at all events, not then.

"He is here!" suddenly cried Dolly, and she started to her feet.

None of us had heard any sound of a footfall; the door-bell had not rung; in the dusk of the room no figure beyond our circle had been discernible; and yet, in the light created by a momentary up-blazing of the fire in the grate, we all saw a tall gentleman standing in the doorway of the room; and at the same instant he bowed, and came forward with a leisurely step. Dolly's curious sensibility had not misled her.

"Chesunder, by jingo!" murmured Moorfield in my ear.

VIII.

I could easily write a long description of Mr. Chesunder. I have never met anybody like him. Perhaps I should say that I never met any one who impressed me as he did. Certainly his outward aspect was not the most singular part of him, though even this was anything but commonplace. He was considerably above the average height (he may have been two or three inches over six feet), and his figure was slender and sinewy without being emaciated. His bearing had great dignity, but it was a dignity of the spirit rather than of the body—the dignity of power so assured as to be no longer self-conscious, and which in no way interfered with a graceful and unassuming ease of demeanor that was immediately attractive.

Mr. Chesunder was evidently a man of the world in the finest sense. His head was compact and finely proportioned, and his regularity of feature would have rendered his face unmeaning but for the singular brilliance and intensity of his eyes, the irises of which were of unusual size and perfectly black. His hair was of the same hue, and clustered closely round his head in crisp wavy curls, having somewhat the effect of black flames. He was dressed in the conventional style, and, as far as externals went, might have passed for an ordinary American or English gentleman of unusually swarthy complexion. His face was beardless, and upon the left breast of his coat glittered a star, apparently composed of diamonds. It seemed to shine by a lustre inherent in it, and even (or so I fancied) to wane or increase in brightness according to the will or in sympathy with the mood of the wearer. He might have been five-and-thirty years old; possibly—for these Oriental faces do not express our Anglo-Saxon standards—he was much older; but at any rate his movements and bearing evinced all the vigor of a man in his prime.

Mrs. Trafalgar had also risen at his entrance. He bowed courteously to her and to the rest of the company whom he had already met; he was introduced to me, and as I was close to him, I took his hand. It was very soft, and seemed at the first touch almost impalpable, or as if it would dissolve away in my grasp; and it was also very cold, but that was only natural, as Mr. Chesunder must have just come out of the icy street. But just as I was about to relinquish his slender fingers, they suddenly closed upon mine with a force that indicated amazing strength underneath that gentle exterior. And yet it did not seem to be strength in him so much as loss of power in me. My hand and arm felt numb and helpless, and the sensation continued for a long time afterward. I had once experienced a somewhat similar feeling when, as a boy, I had incautiously attempted to grasp a live *gymnotus* in a tank.

A servant brought in the tea and lighted the lamps. Mr. Chesunder seated himself just outside of our circle, and little by little entered into the conversation, and finally bore the greater part in it. His voice had a low, muffled quality, pleasing but peculiar. It seemed, so insinuating was it, to reach the ear from within instead of from without, as if he had stirred a thought in the listener's mind and rendered it audible; it more resembled an echo than an ordinary sound. Mr. Chesunder addressed himself to no one in particular; but I noticed that Dolly followed his every word with an intentness that seemed at the same time reluctant and painfully absorbed. Nor could I rid myself of the notion that Mr. Chesunder was aware of her preoccupation, and was secretly but deliberately augmenting it. Mr. Shenstone, however, had resumed his place by Dolly's side, and his fatherly grasp of her hand. He kept his glance steadfastly fixed upon Chesunder, and presented himself, I thought, as a sort of bulwark between him and the girl. All this, however, may have been nothing more than my fancy.

The talk turned upon Oriental religions and philosophy. Mr. Chesunder's ostensible object in visiting America was to investigate our beliefs with a view to determining whether there were any substantial identity between the Buddhist and the Christian faiths.

"It has occurred to me," he remarked (he spoke English with perfect accuracy, though with a peculiar intonation), "that aside from all question of authority as between the Buddha and the Christ, the former religion has a much greater vitality than the latter."

"How would you support that position?" demanded Mr. Shenstone.

"Among other things, take the phenomena of miracle. According to your doctors the age of miracle is past. Yet miracle is as familiar to Buddhist priests to-day as it ever was to your apostles in the early years of your dispensation."

"If that be so," replied Mr. Shenstone, "it argues against the vitality of your religion rather than in favor of it. Miracle is a revelation addressed to the senses, and is therefore adapted to a superficial and uninformed intelligence. Those who have risen to an apprehension of spiritual truth no longer demand such evidence; they find the real miracle in the soul, and in its communion with its Creator. But although miracle has thus disappeared from religion as such, it still maintains a secular and unauthorized existence, in which I for one see little cause for congratulation."

"You refer to spiritualism and occurrences of that nature; and you are right in regarding them with disapproval. But the difficulty is that you do not know the controlling laws. You have merely noticed that certain causes are commonly followed by certain effects. That which for us is an accurate and complete science is for you a blind experiment."

"Dear Mr. Chesunder, do give us some examples," exclaimed Mrs. Trafalgar, with polite energy. "I have so often heard about these deeply interesting things, but I have never had an opportunity—or would it be asking too much?"

"Poor Puckeridge will never get over having missed this," muttered Moorfield to me under his breath.

"Mr. Chesunder will pardon me—I do not advise it," said Mr. Shenstone, seriously.

"My dear sir," replied the Hindoo, bowing to the old gentleman, "I shall not think of doing anything that you disapprove. But I think I can give a little illustration which would be entertaining and quite harmless. It is among our theories that the human memory can be rendered temporarily objective to the senses. And this memory is a strange thing—it is not always the record of personal experience. In a latent or unconscious form it may be transmitted by inheritance. I will endeavor, for the amusement of the company, to call up a picture from the mental galleries of some one of you, and place it before you as an actual scene. Of course this is mere illusion; though the method used to produce it is probably not familiar to you."

"Whose memory are you going to explore?" I asked.

"That is not for me to decide," he answered. "I shall simply put certain forces to work, and the specific result will depend upon personal conditions."

"What do you suppose he thinks he means?" whispered Moorfield to me.

"I shouldn't wonder if he meant more than he said," was my reply.

"My dear," said Mr. Shenstone, in a low tone, to Dolly, "suppose you and I go upstairs and try that vesper song on your cabinet organ?"

But Dolly only shook her head, and again shivered slightly, her eyes fixed unwaveringly upon Mr. Chesunder.

I shall relate what followed just as it appeared to me. I do not pretend to explain it or to understand it.

The lights were turned down until the large room was almost entirely dark. Mr. Chesunder seemed to withdraw slowly into the rear of the room, though his movements were so noiseless and the obscurity was so great that I can not be sure what he did. I know that I was able to discern nothing of him except the sparkle of his diamond star, which appeared a glowing point of light in the dark void, now waxing, now waning. I gazed fixedly at this point of light for some time—five minutes perhaps, and perhaps longer. Every one in the room was perfectly silent, and (if I may judge of the others by myself) in a state of constantly deepening expectation. At length a faint, irregular sound began to be audible. It was very low and indistinct at first, but gradually augmenting in volume and power. It resembled in some degree the murmur of a vast but invisible assemblage, slowly drawing near in the darkness. Ever and anon, too, there was a whisper and movement in the still air, a rustling as of robes, and a stir as of a multitude congregating together. But as yet nothing could be seen.

Then the glow from the diamond star became more diffused, and it seemed to proceed no longer from the star, but from a large sphere of some translucent substance, which was poised steadily in mid-air. As the light grew brighter, however, I could see that the sphere rested upon a kind of pyramidal support of dark polished marble, the bases of which were lost in shadow. And by degrees the dusky radiance expanded, and revealed a vast auditorium, sweeping far back and aloft in tier above tier of seats, crowded with dim forms of a myriad of spectators, all with their gaze directed upon one point, on the hither side of the altar and the sphere.

Following the direction of their glances, I saw, extended upon a sort of bier at the foot of the altar, the figure of a woman, young and beautiful. She lay as if lifeless, and the rays from the crystal sphere were concentrated upon her pale face. It was a face which I recognized, though I had never seen it as it looked then, but only after the passage of many years had dimmed its beauty with the shadows of age. Yet it was not to be mistaken: it was the face of Dolly's mother, Mrs. Vansittert.

The light grew more intense. I caught a vague glimpse of a man's figure kneeling in front of the bier, with his right hand uplifted; and on the steps of the altar there seemed to arise a tall form in monkish attire, with a cowl upon his head. But I looked beneath the cowl, and the features that I beheld resembled none other than those of Mr. Chesunder.

The kneeling figure spoke, but, though I strained my ears to hear, the words that he uttered were indistinguishable, being swallowed up in the vastness of the hall. Then from the mighty assemblage there arose a swelling response, as from the witnesses of a solemn oath. But suddenly a familiar voice, loud and energetic, sounded close to me. It was Mr. Shenstone who spoke.

"In the name of God," he exclaimed, "let this devilry cease! Turn on the lights. Dolly has fainted."

Instantly the magic illumination vanished. The great amphitheatre, the altar, the sphere, the phantom figures, were swallowed up in nothingness. A dull noise, like the distant echo of a clap of thunder, followed. Some one—Mrs. Trafalgar, I presume—screamed. I shook off the strange feeling of drowsiness and inertia that oppressed me, and made what haste I could to turn up the lights. Meanwhile Mr. Shenstone and Moorfield had carried Dolly to a sofa, and were sprinkling her face with water. In the general anxiety caused by her situation, no one thought of looking after Mr. Chesunder, and when Dolly finally revived, he was nowhere to be seen. After all, he was rather too much of a lion for a quiet five-o'clock tea.

IX.

We three—Mr. Shenstone, Moorfield, and I—left the house together; and as we descended the steps, turning up the collars of our coats, and settling our hats firmly on our brows, Mr. Shenstone said:

"Young gentlemen, if you have nothing better to do, come home and take dinner with me this evening. Come right along with me as you are. I have something to say to you."

Moorfield and I had no doubt already felt that there was something to be said in the premises, and were very glad that Mr. Shenstone should happen to know what it was. We were also aware (but this is a mere detail) that his dinners were very good. So we accepted his invitation unanimously.

The old clergyman lived in an old-fashioned but excellent house in Clinton Place; he had been a widower for many years, and his habits and surroundings were those of a genial and learned old bachelor. His library was small, but valuable, and in many points unique. He had been abroad, and had brought home relics of his travels, which differed from the plunder commonly amassed by tourists in that each specimen bore some relation to the mind and character of the collector. I remember, among many choice objects, a magnificent pipe, brought from the East, and holding at least an ounce of the true dark Latakia tobacco—a much mellower and more soothing substance than the thread-like, light-hued stuff usually sold under that name. After dinner the reverend gentleman set this comfortable engine agoing, and we disposed ourselves with our cigars to listen to his communications.

"It is a maxim of war to study your enemy's tactics," he began, "and it holds good in the wars of the spirit no less than of the body. At all events, my young friends, I'm free to confess that I have been, for a very long time past, a student of the black-art in many of its phases and aspects. Of late years there has been a good deal of unskillful and misdirected curiosity brought to bear upon the subject in this country and in England. It is one of the signs that accompany or precede great changes in the religious and philosophical attitude of a race. It will do good, I suppose, though not in the way that the disciples of the movement are apt to imagine. They are, as Mr. Chesunder said, in the hands of powers that they can neither understand nor control. And this fact also renders them more open to the designs of those who, by centuries of investigation and experiment, are really able to evoke and apply some of the hidden forces of nature and of the spirit."

"Fellows like Chesunder," interposed Moorfield.

"Fellows like Chesunder are not common, and never have been," replied Mr. Shenstone. "If I were to tell you all that I surmise about him, you would send for a couple of doctors and have me taken to Bloomingdale. But I shall say only so much as concerns our present business. Has it ever occurred to either of you why Chesunder is here?"

Moorfield and I were both silent; but we had our ideas nevertheless.

"He has come for Dolly Vansittert," continued our venerable host, after a pause. "And let me assure you that, if we are not very careful, he will get her."

Moorfield looked up.

"Yes, yes, my boy, I understand all that," said Mr. Shenstone, nodding his shaggy white head. "This is a land of law and order; kidnapping is no easy matter. Dolly loves you, and you are not the man to sit down and see somebody else run off with her. I understand all that; and you may be sure that Mr. Chesunder understands it quite as well as I do, and doesn't value it the snap of his finger."

"What does he want her for?" I inquired.

"It would take me a long time to give a full answer to that question. In the first place, he is not entirely what he appears to be, and he is not acting for himself alone. The enterprise which he is here to carry out was originated before Dolly was born, and in a place many thousands of miles from where we are sitting. You know what I mean?"

We intimated that we had some inkling of it.

"The experience of her father and mother in the caves of Ellora was the beginning of a scheme which has been ripening ever since. The society of which Chesunder is the representative, and the very existence of which would be denied by most people, is in need, in order to the proper conduct of certain researches and deeds which they contemplate, of a subject or medium of a very exceptional—I may say unprecedented—organization. You know the event which preceded Dolly's birth; the consequence of that event is that as regards certain elements and tendencies of her mind and spirit she is congenitally the creature of the society. They have a hold upon her which is rooted in her very nature. Her temperament would in any case have predisposed her to abnormal experiences; but the magnetic influences brought to bear upon her in the earliest stages of existence render her peculiarly subject to this Thibetan circle. The oath they exacted from her father is only another indication that they were resolved to omit no means of tightening their hold upon her."

"I ought to feel flattered by their evident dependence upon her," remarked Moorfield.

"I will say that no man ever had a more dangerous rival than you have," said Mr. Shenstone.

"What was the object of that affair this evening?" I asked.

"Simply another link in the chain they are forging around her. The girl is already in magnetic accord with Chesunder. She is aware of him by other senses than physical ones."

I remembered what she had said that evening about her perception of Chesunder's presence, and I could not but feel startled.

"The illusion which he practiced upon us was strange and impressive," continued the old gentleman, "but it by no means represents the extent of the powers with which he is endowed. It was based upon a comparatively simple occult principle, one phase of which is commonly practiced by our own scientific men. The special application of it, however, was suggestive; and it brought Dolly much nearer to her fate than she was before."

"You've shown us the bad side; now for the good side," said Moorfield. "What is your plan of campaign against Chesunder & Co.?"

"Whatever it is, you will have to play a main part in it."

"Count me in, every time."

"The first thing to be done is to get exact information as to Chesunder's future plans and movements. I have been able to arrive at nothing more than generalities. But we must have the day and the hour. There is only one means of obtaining them, and your co-operation, Mr. Sarcey, will be indispensable."

"Go ahead!" said Moorfield.

"Dolly, as we all know, is subject to nervous headaches and hysteric attacks. Now am I right in thinking that you have occasionally relieved her by magnetic passes?"

"Yes," said Moorfield; "I have put her to sleep in that way occasionally."

"Very well. That simplifies the matter. I should not have been willing to experiment upon her myself, and of course we could have called in no third person. But since you have already established that kind of relation with her, and since— But, by-the-way, this is a most vital point, and you must pardon my asking you a very direct and personal question." Here the old gentleman faced squarely toward Moorfield, and contemplated him with a searching glance. "Do you love this girl as a man should love a woman—with all your mind, heart, and soul, honorably and unreservedly?"

"I do, sir."

"If I had not been sure of it, my dear boy, I should not have brought you here to-night. Now, then, my plan is this. We must arrange for a *séance* with Miss Dolly. Of course she is to know nothing whatever of our intentions. We three will be present: I have found a trio necessary to obtain the best results. You will put her into the magnetic trance. Then leave the rest to me."

"You mean to fight the society with their own weapons?" said I.

"That is just it, sir; and I expect the result may surprise you. After the experiment is over, we shall know better what to do next. Meanwhile, of course, she is to be kept as much as possible out of our Oriental friend's way. That's all our business for to-night, gentlemen. As a general thing, I disapprove of these practices; but we must do what we can; and, to my thinking, the best defense against the machinations of enchanters is the magic of love."

X.

A few days afterward Mr. Shenstone and I called at Mrs. Trafalgar's. Mrs. Trafalgar had gone out, but Dolly was within, and Moorfield was with her. All this, of course, had been arranged beforehand.

After talking on several matters for a few minutes, Mr. Shenstone said: "Dolly, my dear, you don't look well. What ails you?"

"I have a little headache, I believe," she replied.

"Which I was about to remove when you came in," remarked Moorfield.

"Don't let us interrupt you," said I.

"By no means," added Mr. Shenstone.

"Oh, it's of no consequence," said Dolly. "However," she added, "it would take only a few minutes, and perhaps then I should not feel so stupid. Will you, Moorfield?"

Moorfield rose, stood facing her for a moment, and then, raising his hands, made a slow pass downward, allowing the tips of his fingers to pass within a few inches of her face. After two or three of these passes the girl's eyes closed. In less than five minutes she was thoroughly entranced. Mr. Shenstone and I approached and looked at her.

"Speak to her," said Mr. Shenstone to me. "Ask her if she is asleep."

I complied; but Dolly made no reply, though I had spoken loudly.

"Now, Sarcey, will you oblige me by going to the further end of the room, and asking her, in as low a voice as possible, any question you please?"

Moorfield did as he was requested. What he said neither Mr. Shenstone nor I was able to hear, but Dolly immediately replied, "It is gone; I feel no pain now."

"I asked her how her headache was," explained Moorfield, returning.

"The conditions seem to be satisfactory; now to business," said the old gentleman. "In the first place, take off that necklace. We need it for our inquiry, and it might incommode us where it is." Moorfield removed the necklace, and gave it to Mr. Shenstone. "Now," continued the latter, "you will ask her the questions that I shall communicate to you. Keep as cool as you can, and try not to think of anything outside the present affair. Here, take the necklace, and hold the gold medal in your hand. Ask her if she knows what it is."

"What is this, Dolly?" said Moorfield.

"It is the medal I always wear," she replied, in a low, even tone.

The dialogue then proceeded as follows, Moorfield asking the questions, as prompted by the clergyman:

"Who gave it to you?"

"My mother."

"From whom did she receive it?"

After a pause she said, "I can not answer the question as you ask it."

"Was it the gift of any particular person?"

"No."

"Of a number of persons?"

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

She seemed to make several efforts to reply, but at last said, "I am not allowed to say."

"What prevents you?"

"Something that touches my life. I can not speak the names any more than I can look into my own eyes. It is a part of me."

We had some consultation as to the next question. At last it was put in the following form:

"Have you lately seen any one connected with the persons referred to?"

"Yes—yes—yes; at least, there has been a connection."

"What was it?"

"Mr. Chesunder."

"Is he what he appears to be?"

"No."

"Can you find him?"

"I can try, but it will be dangerous."

"Will the danger be to you?"

She hesitated, and at length said: "There is danger that he will be aware of my presence. If so, he might prevent what you are attempting."

"Take her hand," said Mr. Shenstone to Moorfield. "Give her your whole support and sympathy. Now ask her if she can venture."

The answer came, "Let us try."

"Do you see him now?"

"I see what you seek. But it is an emissary—a messenger—not what he seems."

"For convenience we will call him Mr. Chesunder. Where is he?"

"At the —— Hotel."

"What is he doing?"

"Nothing; he is in his room. He is—dead."

"Dead! What do you mean?" (This question was not prompted by Mr. Shenstone.)

"He is not animated by those who sent him. He is like a torch when it is not lighted. I can not explain it better. He only lives for the errand on which he was sent."

"Can you see what that errand is?"

"Yes; it is for me. Be careful, or he will be aroused."

"How will the errand be carried out?"

"I shall be taken away. I shall be carried—to the place from which I came."

"Is it to be done by force?"

"I shall go secretly, and as if of my own will."

"Will not Mr. Chesunder accompany you?"

"Yes. No. Both are true. I can not explain."

"How will you go?"

"By train to Mexico; thence to the coast, and by steamer to— Be quick! They have discovered us! He will return to life!"

"What is the day and hour of your departure?"

"Next month—no! at once! Awaken me, or—quick, or it will be too late!"

Moorfield hurriedly reversed the passes; but there was evidently a struggle going on in the unconscious girl to prevent the return to the normal condition, the singular part of which struggle was that the opposing element did not seem to be anything belonging to herself, but something alien and hostile to her as well as to us. Once or twice she spoke in a voice unlike her own—resonant and masculine; but the words were uttered in a language unfamiliar to us. At last, however, with a hoarse sigh that was almost a groan, she opened her eyes and stared at us, at first without recognition; but gradually consciousness returned; she sat up, pressing her hands to her face, and laughing a little in a hysteric fashion.

"Has anything happened?" she asked, in a faint tone.

"Our friend here gave you a little too much electricity, I think," replied Mr. Shenstone, in a comfortable voice. "You will be all right directly, my dear. You had better go to bed early and keep quiet. Ah! there comes Mrs. Trafalgar.—Keep an eye on this young person," he added, as the lady entered the room. "Let her see no one, and keep her as quiet as possible. When she is married, Sarcey must take her to Florida, and give her plenty of fresh air and sea-water."

XI.

This scene had been so passing strange that, for my part, I was beyond feeling any ordinary emotion of surprise. It resembled no experience I had had before, and I was therefore unable to compare it with any, and so put it in relation with my philosophy of things. Moorfield and I accompanied Mr. Shenstone to his house almost in silence. He took us into a kind of laboratory at the back of his bedroom, and there, as he busied himself with a small furnace and some crucibles, he discoursed to us as follows:

"It was a dangerous experiment, but it was worth the risk. The situation turns out to be somewhat as I had anticipated. This Chesunder is—never mind what! There is no English word for it. He is no more to be caught or killed than a puff of smoke. If you were to follow him to his room in that hotel, you would find nothing. And yet his power over Dolly is as nearly irresistible as it is at all convenient it should be. We are contending against about the strongest power for mischief in this world."

"I never before had such a time in bringing her to," remarked Moorfield.

"I dare say not. It was a question, for a moment, whether she ever came to at all. Those fellows would rather have had her without her body than lose her altogether. But we'll beat them yet!" added the old gentleman, nodding his great head. "I am very much encouraged by the powerful control you have over her, my boy. It is as I said—love is the only safe weapon against necromancy. Remember that."

"As far as that goes," said Moorfield, "I'm not afraid."

"After all, we didn't find out when the plot is to come off," I said.

"We know they are to take the Southern route, and we know that we may have to act at any moment—two good things to know," Mr. Shenstone rejoined. "Their original idea was, evidently, to have her disappear next month—probably about the date I had calculated. But they discovered what we were about, and they will have to act promptly. We must be on our guard from this night on. There is a train starts for the South every evening. We must be on the watch for it. If she once gives us the slip, we may have a long chase for it."

"Hullo! you've got the medal!" exclaimed Moorfield.

"Yes: see what hard times brings us to!" said the venerable clergyman. "Here am I, at my age, practicing robbery and alchemy!" And with this he dropped the medal and the chain into the crucible.

"What is that for?" I inquired.

"For a good end, I hope, young gentleman. You will see. I'm a bit of a goldsmith, among my other accomplishments. And now, while that is cooking, let's go to dinner."

Dinner passed off quietly and monotonously; a kind of reaction after so much excitement and mystery. Mr. Shenstone left us with a bottle of claret between us, and returned to his laboratory, saying he would be back presently.

He had been gone perhaps half an hour, when there was a loud ring at the door-bell. In a few moments the servant entered, saying that Mrs. Trafalgar was below, and wished to see Mr. Shenstone immediately. Moorfield and I exchanged a glance. We did not need to say anything. We knew what had happened. Moorfield went to receive Mrs. Trafalgar, while I sprang upstairs for Mr. Shenstone. I met him coming out of his laboratory with a small packet in his hand.

"She has gone!" he said, the moment he saw me.

"I'm afraid so," I replied. "Mrs. Trafalgar is down-stairs."

"We have an hour to catch the train," said he. "Mrs. Trafalgar must go with us. We can do it. Tell her it's all right, and that I'll be down directly."

Mrs. Trafalgar was in an almost frantic state. Dolly had disappeared about two hours after we had left. She had gone, as Mrs. Trafalgar supposed, to dress for dinner, and had never been seen afterward. One of the servants affirmed that she had heard a man's voice in the boudoir, but every one was positive that no person, male or female, had entered the house after our departure. Nor could any one surmise when she had left her room, or how she managed to pass the outside door unseen. All was conjecture and bewilderment. In the midst of Mrs. Trafalgar's incoherent narrative, Mr. Shenstone came in, ready equipped for a journey.

"Don't lose heart, my good lady," he said, briskly. "Your niece is a little off her head, and has wandered away, that's all. Fortunately we know that she has gone to Philadelphia, and there is yet time to catch her at the train. You will come with us, so as to make all decent and comfortable for her. Button up your cloak and come along. Are you ready, boys? We'll take the elevated to Courtlandt Street, and then across the ferry. Come along!" And we followed him into the frosty air.

It had been freezing hard for several days, and when we got to the ferry we found the river full of ice. The boat had not proceeded far from her dock before it became evident that she must be seriously delayed on her passage to the other side. Masses of ice many yards in extent blocked her way, and great cakes were caught up by the paddle-wheels and dashed heavily against the boxes. We were fifteen minutes behind time when we landed at Jersey City, and the Philadelphia train had started nearly that time before. Mr. Shenstone left us in the waiting-room and went off to interview the officials. He was back in five minutes.

"She is on that train," he said. "She was with a gentleman, and they bought tickets only for Philadelphia. They evidently mean to throw us off the scent there if they can. But we shall be too many for them, Mrs. Trafalgar. Luckily there was an engine just in, with steam up, and in three minutes we shall be on our way after them in a special car." The energy and resources of this old gentleman made us young fellows seem feeble in comparison.

So we set out on our lonely race in pursuit of the flying train. It was a fast train, and it had a good twenty miles the start of us; but it was to stop at Newark and at Trenton, and we were to run sixty miles an hour. We had occupation enough in endeavoring to distract Mrs. Trafalgar's mind (which was distracted enough already, Heaven knows) and in devising encouraging explanations of what had occurred. But Moorfield and I were as ignorant as she was of what Mr. Shenstone intended to do when we got to Philadelphia, and he declined to volunteer any information on that point.

I will not venture to state the exact time it took us to make the distance between Jersey City and Philadelphia. It was fast enough, at any rate, for we arrived at the same moment as the regular train, and running up on a parallel track, were on the platform before the passengers had alighted.

We scrutinized them as if each one were a bag of diamonds. But no Dolly appeared. Could we have been deceived as to her presence on the train?

Suddenly Moorfield sprang forward with an exclamation. I could see only a thickset woman in a heavy cloak, with a hood drawn over her head, and a brown veil. But he had recognized Dolly under that disguise. She seemed to me at the moment to be leaning on the arm of a tall man in a dark overcoat; but several persons got between me and them, and when I came up Dolly had no visible companion except Moorfield. She did not seem to know him or any of us, but, contrary to my expectation, she made no attempt to escape. She moved in a mechanical way as she was led, and with no volition of her own, one way or the other.

We took her into a cab and drove to a hotel. On the way she spoke several times as if in conversation with some one, but whoever her interlocutor was, he did not belong to our party, nor was the language in which she spoke intelligible to any of us. Neither did I overhear any remarks from the other party to the dialogue.

At the hotel we engaged a suite of three rooms and a sitting-room. When we were assembled in the latter place, Dolly was seated in a chair, and Mr. Shenstone took off his hat and produced a book from his pocket; it was a Church Service. He also took out a small object rolled up in white paper, which I remembered having seen in his hand as he came out of his laboratory that evening.

"Moorfield Sarcey," said he, with a deep solemnity of manner, "I am now about to unite you to Dorothea Vansittert in the holy bonds of matrimony. You will understand, I think, the reasons which prompt me to such a step at such a time. I need not say that I act under the most profound sense of my responsibility before God and man. And I warn you all beforehand that the ceremony may not be consummated without a struggle on the part of our enemies. But let us place our trust in the infinite power and mercy of our Lord, and fear nothing."

With this exordium he began to read the service. Dolly and Moorfield stood before him. There was a vacant look in Dolly's face, and she evidently was present only in the body; her mind was elsewhere. But all Moorfield's love and anxiety were written on his features. He pronounced the "I will" in a loud and vibrating tone, holding Dolly's hand in his, and looking steadfastly in her face. But when it came to her turn, she only shuddered, and was silent. Nevertheless, Mr. Shenstone proceeded; and when the moment came to put on the ring, he put in Moorfield's hand the little white packet. It contained a roughly fashioned plain gold ring—the same gold that had formed the substance of the mysterious medal.

Then ensued an appalling scene which I shall never forget. When Moorfield attempted to put this ring on Dolly's finger, she seemed to become suddenly possessed with a demon. She snatched her hand from him, and glared at him with insanity in her eyes. When he again approached her, she uttered a wild scream, and snatching from the folds of her dress a knife that was concealed there, she leaped toward him, and aimed a blow at his heart. Fortunately I saw the movement in time, and was able to snatch her wrist and avert the catastrophe. But I will not prolong this scene. Suffice it that at last Moorfield, watching his opportunity, was able to slip the ring on her finger. And then, throwing up her arms, and with a tremor that seemed like the parting of soul and body, the poor girl sank down lifeless on the floor; and I had a fancy that the room was full of threatening and terrible shapes, and the air was heavy with angry mutterings and a rumbling as of distant thunder. And there in the midst stood old Mr. Shenstone, with his white mane of hair, erect and undaunted, and with the light of victory on his venerable countenance.

Dolly recovered. But she never remembered how she was married, so they were married again. This affair was probably the origin of the report that she and Moorfield eloped.

Puckeridge accounts for the phenomena on a theory of his own about hypnotism. But Wallie Dinsmore smiles, and twists his mustache, and doesn't believe a word of it.

As for the Four-spot Club, when Mr. and Mrs. Sarcey went to Florida, it ceased to exist.

TWO POOR OLD SOULS.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

'Tis Christmas night; the streets are bright,
And many windows are alight,
And Mirth seems monarch everywhere,
For sounds of laughter fill the air.
But in a little room which knows
No gleam save what the fire shows
Sit, gazing at the glowing coals,
Two poor old souls.

Round them no happy children press
With words and smiles of tenderness;
To them no friends bring greetings gay—
Their friends are dead or far away,
Or else forgetful. At their gate,
Foot-deep in snow, no singers wait
To cheer with quaint and jolly trolls
These poor old souls.

And yet twoscore of years did he
Do much to add to Christmas glee
With pictures drawn with cunning art
By skillful hand from gentle heart,
And she has told of Christmas time
A hundred tales in prose and rhyme.
Now recompense no creature doles
These poor old souls.

And many a feast, in days gone by,
They've spread, when fortune lingered nigh,
And they but little knew of care,
And bade their comrades come and share;
And there—how joyous was the scene,
The walls all hung with Christmas green!—
Their healths were drunk in brimming bowls,
These poor old souls.

But, ah! they faltered in the race,
And newer life sprung to each place,
And seized the wreaths they'd not resigned;
And thus, discrowned and left behind,
In time too brief they were forgot.
Alas! it is the common lot,
And will be while earth onward rolls,
For poor old souls.

Left and forgot, until once more
Their names are brought the world before,
And then, perchance, some one will tell
How such a picture pleased him well,
Or such a story gladness shed
Upon his children as they read;
But this will be when Death's bell tolls
For two old souls.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"It pesters me," remarked a converted savage to a missionary, "when my wife has her own way. Her way is the way of the wind. It is better that she should have my way."

"He is utterly unscrupulous," writes an Irish editor of a political opponent; "and his memory is so poor that he frequently forgets one minute what he says the next."

The name of a person is no index to his character. A recent newspaper dispatch says, "The brutal Cheyenne chief Stone Calf is dead."

A good many people in this country are annoyed by the reports which so persistently come from England to the effect that Americans are unwelcome guests in the hotels there because they drink so little wine. It is well known that no American landlord renders himself obnoxious to Englishmen who come here simply because they do not order switchel and other native drinks in large quantities, and Americans do not understand why they themselves should be snubbed because in England they do not call for a beverage which is, after all, an exotic, and the neglect of which, consequently, one may think, should awaken in the British breast no such resentment as the American well and reasonably may feel when he beholds the switchel of this land contumeliously passed by. As a Boston paper frequently puts it, "There is a beauty in forbearance, and a decency in not thrusting claret upon one when it is not wanted, which the English landlords will do well to ponder."

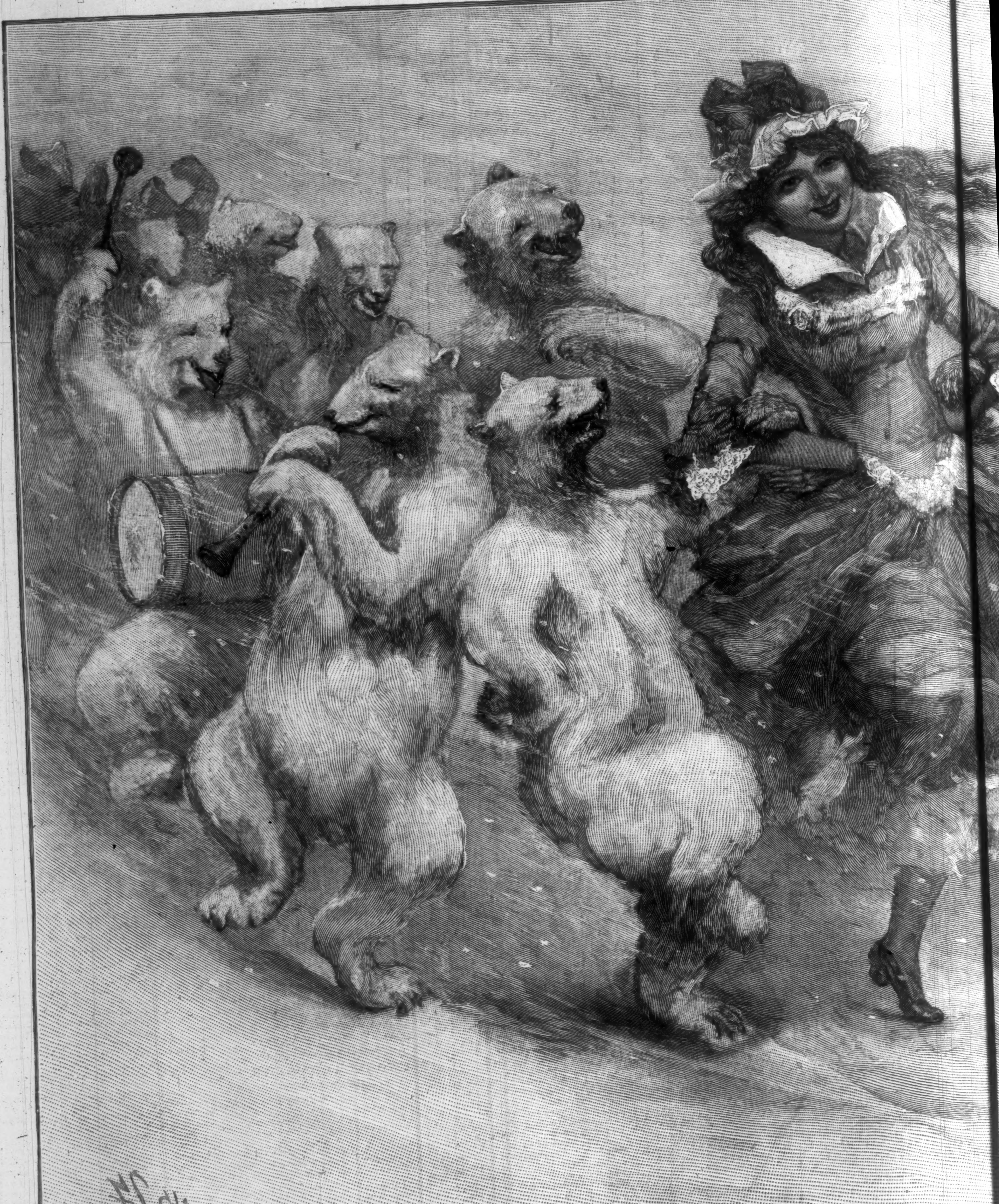
Still, there are places in London where marked and very peculiar attempts are made to catch American custom. One such place, several years ago, was in Fleet Street, nearly opposite the Church of St. Dunstan. A sign out in front of it said, "Stewed oysters, American style, two shillings and sixpence." It must have seemed to all Americans wandering in Fleet Street a most beautiful and friendly sign, and doubtless many went in to try the oysters, though rather as an expression of gratitude for the generous words than at all in the belief that the stew would be good. In point of fact, it was an unheard-of bit of cookery. The base of it was a small pale blue pudding of milk-toast gravy thickened with flour, vibratory like blanc-mange, quite cool, and studded about the edge with six little copper-flavored oysters, like nails in a horse's shoe. No American could eat it, but it was worth half a crown as a spectacle and as a specimen of purely imaginative art.

The medical department of the Vienna University has a faculty of 134 members and 2307 students; that of Munich has 42 teachers and 1129 students; and that of Berlin, 100 teachers and 1072 students.

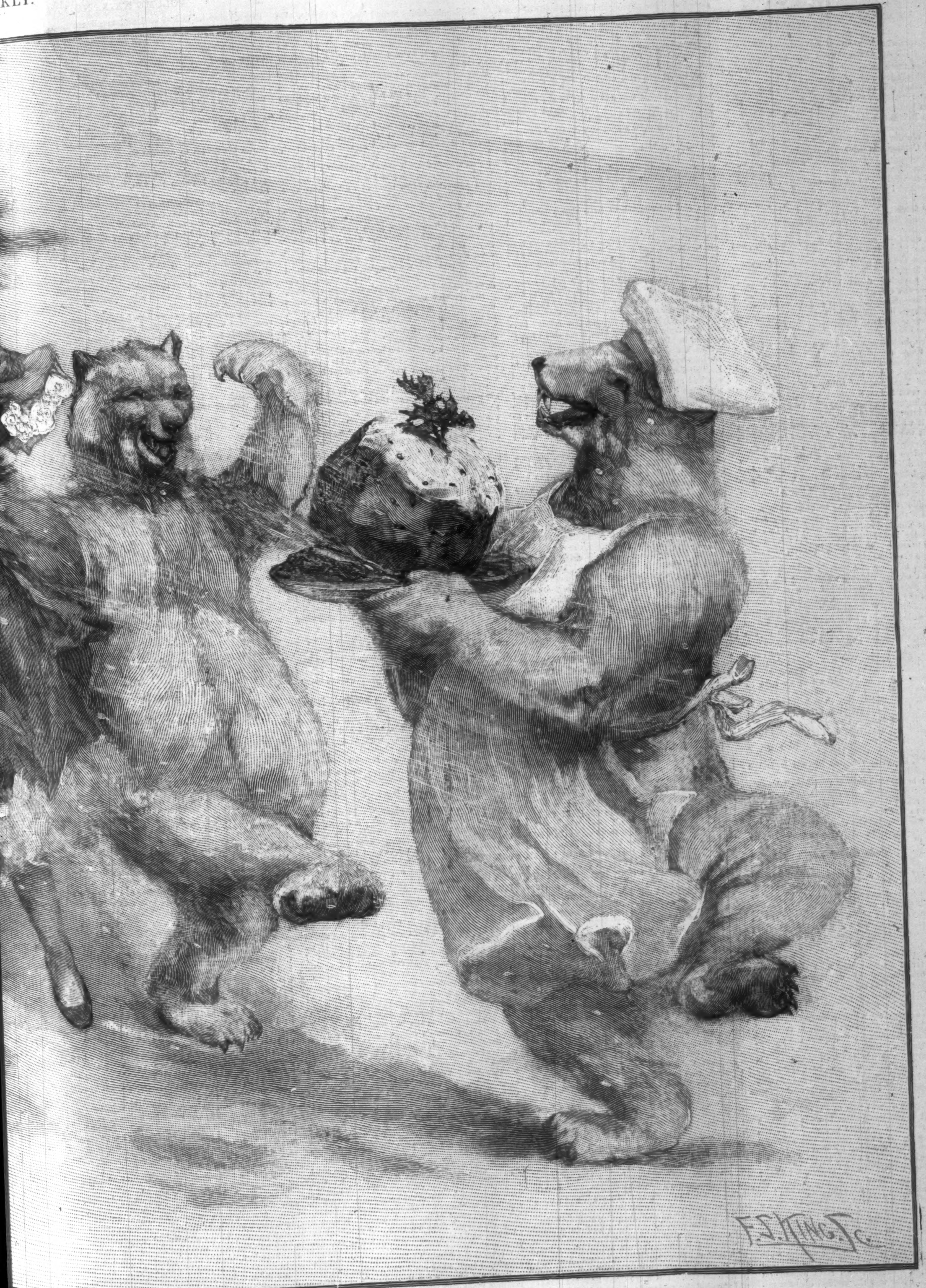
An ornithological organization recommends that the English sparrow in this country be not fostered, that his introduction into new localities be prohibited, that all laws for his protection be repealed, and that bounties be offered which will encourage people to shoot him. It will be a hard time for the little brown stranger when all that is here recommended is carried into effect.

A Western editor spoke in his paper of a neighbor's son as "a red-headed and spectral boy." The father brought a libel suit, but a jury refused to give him damages. The defense was that half of the allegation was true, and that the whole of it was harmless.

A clergyman in England was recently sent to prison for seven days in punishment for striking a constable. The constable served a summons upon the clergyman, laying the document upon his arm in the street; whereupon the reverend gentleman, exclaiming, "You brute, how you did frighten me!" struck the constable violently in the face with a candlestick. The London *Lancet* says that under similar circumstances a man might very well strike a blow and yet be altogether blameless of an intention to assault. Fright, the *Lancet* says, paralyzes some people, and sets others in involuntary action. Still, doubtless it occurred to the magistrate who passed sentence that the remark with which the clergyman accompanied the blow did not indicate that the blow was of the sort which the *Lancet* describes, and, besides, it is probable that the constable would readily have been mollified if it had been apparent to him that the candlestick had been wielded, not in anger, but in fear.


F. S. CHURCH.
XMAS. 1885.

A CHRISTMAS FANTAS



.—Drawn by F. S. Church.

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH WEDDING.

But there was no time for explanation or personal talk just then. To-day and to-morrow Jeannie must belong to her guests, and a bride-elect on the eve of her marriage has little leisure. Millison had to content himself with a repetition of Ann Brindle's version. The Dean was coming to marry Camma, that was all.

"We did not know exactly where to find you, and Camma wished her marriage and your father's coming to be surprises," Jeannie said, adding, as for a moment she let her clear, dark-lashed, beautiful eyes rest penetratingly on his own: "Nor had I anything to say worth dispatching a special messenger in search of you. You must have foreseen it. You are free."

"Dear Millison," was the only confidential word he obtained from Camma, "you will see your father, and say a conciliatory word for my sake, will you not?"

Then the two girls returned to their millinery, their housewifely cares and preparations.

If anything could have enhanced Jeannie d'Harcourt's fascinations in her lover's eyes, it was the wonderful dexterity and charm with which she played her difficult part now. A position so delicate would have intimidated most women.

There was the Dean, dignitary of an alien Church, in this especial case a Church triumphant; there were the priests, her countrymen, representatives of her own Church, here baffled and discomfited. And the check was of her bringing about. The blame of Millison Methold's recantation must fall on a woman's shoulders.

The impending encounter might well have made a less intrepid spirit quail. Jeannie prepared to meet it with as much collectedness and *aplomb* as if it were a mere every-day crisis in domestic affairs, some knotty point to settle with disaffected relatives in the matter of a legacy, or a complicated difference to put right with tenants and serving-folks. The secret of that quiet, reined-in strength Millison could not so much as guess. He could only wonder and adore.

Jeannie simply relied, as before, on the truth. Not hers the fault of this young man's fancy; perhaps not his, either; anyhow, the fact was there. He had fallen honorably in love. He wished to marry. Such being the case, who could advocate the tonsure?

On the morning of Camma's wedding-day she had cast off her widow's weeds, and the added cheerfulness and hopefulness of a gala gown wonderfully heightened that quiet finished beauty "made up of little nothings." The dress could not be called bright; no woman of taste, unless she can boast a descent from Abraham or the Pharaohs, will flaunt poppy red or marigold yellow. There are, however, colors and colors, and Jeannie's were sedate, and harmonized as those of some beautiful woodland bird. The dress, indeed, seemed part of herself, which we take to be a criterion of taste in such matters.

The expected guests were to assemble early in the large family drawing-room for the second part of the ceremony, namely, the Protestant benediction, the marriage contract having been already signed at the mairie, the celebration in the parish church coming last of all.

Millison, however, absented himself from the civil marriage.

"Much better to remain at the house," Jeannie had said. "Screen yourself from observation during the service; then, when all is over, I will bring the Dean to you."

"One word!" cried the young man, just touching the little gloved hand. "My father—does he know all?"

"Nothing," Jeannie replied, smiling, yet with almost tearful tenderness. "The recovery of his son is a joy gift on our Camma's wedding-day."

She motioned him to a chair in a curtained alcove, then hurried away. The room was rapidly filling with guests; each must be greeted, placed, and made to feel at home. Jeannie seemed to have the power of seeing a dozen things at once; not the least little detail escaped her. The appropriate deed, the amiable word, the kindly forethought, were ever ready.

A quarter of an hour later all was ready, the finishing touch accorded to the improvised altar, the *prie-dieu* arranged for bride and bridegroom; then the folding-doors were thrown open, and the wedding procession entered.

Millison watched the scene unobserved. There was the blushing, downcast Camma, in white dress and myrtle wreath; there was the joyous, brilliant Eugène, veritable impersonation of French gayety, wearing the full dress of his grade; there was Madame Hervé, beautiful in her old age, and as if she had just walked out of a picture, her white hair arranged in little curls, after the fashion of the Restoration, her appearance altogether that of a great lady of the olden time.

Why rail at these coquettes in their eighties? Should not women beautify themselves to the end? They but pay that respect due to faded charms but often grudged by the world; and they inculcate the great lesson that, neglect, degrade it as we will, this mortal envelope, like the spirit within, boasts of an origin divine. To spend an entire morning over the choice of a button or a bonnet-string may not, then, be such a piece of frivolity as some folks imagine.

If the ladies contributed in no small degree to the brilliance of the little spectacle, the appearance of the men was not by any means insignificant. The bridegroom's superior officers were there, General and Colonel and Commandant, in their glittering uniforms, with stars blazing on their breasts. Nor was the civilian element unprepossessing or common. Characteristic types were here; fine physiognomies had many of these country gentlemen, now for the first time taking part in an Anglo-French wedding. That alert amiability and exuberating enjoyment of life which more than any other quality, perhaps, distinguished the French temperament, now came out in full relief. There was something, moreover, novel, piquant, original, about the whole business, and grave senators and war-battered veterans entered into the spirit of the occasion as artlessly and gayly as the youngest present. In the rear followed Ann Brindle, as magnificent as any. She wore a shot silk dress of sky-blue, a canary-colored bonnet, and a white shawl, as she said, "to bring the two together." The good woman had indeed quite lost her head, as far as æsthetic matters were concerned, over the display of Parisian millinery sent for the ladies to choose from. No sooner did she catch sight of the shot silk of sky-blue and the canary-colored bonnet than she determined to have them, no matter what the world might say. Camma's playful remonstrances, Jeannie's quiet reasoning, had no effect whatever. The dress captivated, the bonnet bewitched, and as she should never take part in such a gala again, she must wear them at the same time or not at all.

"And as to blue and yellow not going together," quoth Ann, "surely the Almighty is the best judge of that, who clothes the fowls of the air in all the colors of the rainbow." So, self-complacent and delighted, Mrs. Brindle now followed the wedding train in her sky-blue dress and canary-colored head-piece.

But Millison's eyes were riveted on the most conspicuous figure of the little group—that of the English clergyman in white surplice. Father and son had not met since their first, last, bitter explanation half a year ago, when every vestige of trustingness, cordiality, and affection seemed to vanish, and a growing coolness and inability to understand each other's motives landed them on the ever-receding shores of dislike. He should remember that terrible interview as long as he lived—his father's scathing sentences, his own wild retorts. The Dean was ever a man of few words, but he had used those then hard to forget, whilst his own, Millison admitted it now, were perhaps harder still for a father to forgive.

As he watched the familiar face he thought he read there added lines of care, deep, painful corrugations, prematurely aging a man still to be called in his prime. This conviction did touch the youth's conscience. Without the recollection of ever having loved his father, he had felt proud of him. It was a painful, humiliating thought, now, that the Dean's hairs should whiten and his appearance take a look of sadness and age from fault of his. Why must human beings belong to each other, be indissolubly linked by ties of blood, race, and name, thought Millison, when there is no love? For just as he was beginning to realize, in a vague, incommunicable way, the subtle power of those affinities with which relationship has nothing to do, so was a slow conviction taking possession of him that consanguinity is a force alike for good and evil too. He could not really feel indifferent to his father's sorrows, still less could he learn to look upon him as a stranger.

On a sudden the service ended, and Millison's heart stood still. Jeannie was bringing the Dean to him.

It took the pair some minutes to make the round of the room, so many introductions had to be made on every side, but at last they were close at hand.

"And now," he heard her say, "I have a pleasant surprise in store for you. Here is a familiar face, Mr. Dean, you little expected to find among the wedding guests."

Not giving herself time to do more than add, "I must hasten with the others to church; the wedding party awaits me; but a quiet hour is yours here," she hurried away. There was a rustling of silks and a clattering of swords. In a few minutes more the drawing-room was empty. The Dean and Millison were alone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VINDICATED.

That fleeting feminine apparition, for it was nothing more, gave the young man sudden spirit and self-reliance. Instead of shrinking back, like a conscience-stricken, self-convicted thing, he now stood up ready to make manful apology for himself. This was to be no unequal encounter, no fierce coming together of two diametrically opposed wills and natures, but a calm taking counsel together of man and man. His heart was not yearning toward his father. He only felt conscious of an ardent desire to justify his own conduct before this stern Mentor. He hoped, moreover, that the mere fact of his presence there, significant as it was, would be welcome, in itself a harbinger of peace and reconciliation. The hope was promptly dispelled.

"You here!" were the Dean's first words, as he scanned the young man from head to foot; "and in the garb of every-day! Was, then, this call to the priesthood, perhaps the conversion to Rome also, a mere piece of boyish bravado with the rest?"

The words stung, as they were intended to do. The frank, apologetic, conciliatory look died out of Millison's face. The eagerly outstretched hand dropped to his side. His voice had now a sharper edge even than his father's.

"I supposed," he said, laughing bitterly, "that for the first time in my life I had really done something you could commend."

"My commendation! What has that to do with it?" the Dean replied. "I ceased long ago to expect any reference to my wishes or judgment from you. But there must be some standard you abide by, some rule of life and conduct you adhere to. What are they? What extravagant course may I expect you have entered upon next?"

Millison's cheeks turned from red to pale. He was doing his best to exert self-mastery, but, as of old, his father's words roused the very genius of rebellion within him. A moment before he had determined to be frankly outspoken and, in so far as was possible, sympathetic. He had resolved to declare his motives without flinching, even, if courage lacked not, to hint at his love for Jeannie. Now his father's words were like so many drops of caustic, burning into the flesh, stopping the free action of the blood. The only thing left for him to do was to challenge and resist.

With almost brutal frankness he replied: "Then since all my actions appear extravagant, I need conceal nothing. You can not think better or worse of me, it seems, whatever I do."

The Dean eyed his son sharply. The conviction seemed to dawn upon him all at once that the stripling of yesterday had grown suddenly into a man, and no mean specimen of his sex either, as far as outward appearance went; a finer physique, a handsomer, more engaging countenance, you could hardly meet with on a summer day. But this conviction brought no joy with it—on the contrary, an evident sense of humiliation. The greater the promise, the more painful non-fulfillment. From one less generously endowed, smaller things might have been expected.

His scrutiny ended, he spoke out the thought uppermost in his mind: "You have, I presume, as the phrase goes, fallen in love. Some foreign adventuress has perhaps tricked you into the purchase of a wedding ring?"

Millison's gift of satire here stood him in good stead. As plangent a retort was at his command also. This kind of warfare stemmed back the tide of wrath.

"If falling in love and marriage in themselves are preposterous, who are the wise men?" he said, repeating that bitter, bitter laugh. And again unutterable scorn flashed from the father's eyes.

"Take care how you jest here," he said, in a voice crushingly contemptuous. "Marriage can not be played with like the tonsure! Marriage is irrevocable, and it concerns not a man's self alone; you may wake up to a misery that will rouse conscience in your careless nature too late."

The young man drew himself up haughtily. He thought of Jeannie, and of the beauty and purity of his love for her. Every one of the Dean's words seemed an insult to her as well as to himself.

The Dean went on: "If, indeed, any wretched girl belonging to the reputable ranks of society has promised to marry you, what are your prospects? Your income barely suffices for your own needs; you have never mastered any art or handicraft by which you could earn sixpence, that I know of." The words were cruel, yet from the Dean's own point of view justifiable, and they were literally true.

Writhing under them as he was, Millison yet used the old weapon, defending himself by a sarcasm. "I did not know that human beings lost the use of their faculties at twenty-three," he said. "I might surely still acquire the art of blacking shoes."

"Oh! have done with these unseemly jests," cried the Dean, who was in reality suffering more even than his son. "Remember that there are such things as human souls. Who and what are you, thus without a calling, without any settled plan of life, to take upon yourself the responsibilities of a husband, maybe a father? For bear in mind"—here he scanned him with a look of deepest meaning—"from myself you have nothing to expect. My son is a perpetual affliction to me. No more."

A terrible, almost a profane, word rose to Millison's lips, but he checked it by a tremendous effort. He would make no attempt to extenuate or justify himself in his father's eyes now. Their relations must remain unchanged to the bitter end. The gulf separating them but widened and widened. The pair sat opposite to each other, with blank looks and lips sealed. At last the Dean said, in his most biting voice, using still the paternal right to sift, question, and admonish, "Who is the woman?"

Just then, and just in time, a slender, dainty figure appeared on the threshold, and the sound of a clear, affectionate voice seemed as if by magic to dispel the fierce, vindictive passions of a minute before. That fair woman's presence without doubt averted a more terrible scene still. The father's patience was at an end; the son's also; but for such timely intervention dislike and doubt must have culminated in hate. One hasty word, and the pair were made enemies for life!

Jeannie, for it was she, had put off her mourning, then, on Camma's wedding-day, and admirably did these twilight grays and browns and quiet ripple of rose-color suit her quiet, spiritual beauty. About look, manner, speech, too, was the unmistakable stamp of distinction, moral first, and social afterward, that is as much a part of character as of heredity, bringing up, and surroundings.

Deliberately heralding her approach by a word, she now came straight to the pair, and glancing from one to the other, divined exactly the kind of interview that had taken place. The Dean's white face seamed with scalding tears, Millison's flushed, painfully compressed features, told her all.

Without another syllable, she now lay one hand on the father's arm, whilst the other just rested on the son's. But before she could break silence, that light touch stirred the young man's inmost soul with new and wholesomer passion. Pride, the natural pride of having dared to love such a creature, flashed from his eyes and trembled in his voice as he now reiterated his father's scornful query.

"Who is the woman I love?" he cried. "That answer, at least, need not make me blush."

Then, not heeding the Dean's astounded look, yielding more and more to the deliciousness of the passion that possessed him, feeling that now not in his father's but in Jeannie's hands once more lay his future redemption, he added, putting all that he had of soul and manliness into the prayer:

"Jeannie, you at least have faith in me. Let my love for you vindicate me at last in my father's eyes."

The Dean looked from one to the other in mute amazement. Millison's honest declaration, Jeannie's sympathetic if not acquiescent attitude, moved him with deepest wonder. The nobleness with which the young man had spoken out literally transformed him. This poor, volatile, misguided Millison was something, then, after all. He could love. But before the Dean had found words wherewith to express his thoughts, Jeannie's voice broke silence for all three. Taking her lover's hand, she now put it in his father's, and standing between the two, linking the pair together, said, with beautiful directness and appeal, feeling at that moment as much compassion for the one as for the other, "And if not, then I will undertake the task. The love of a true woman shall be Millison Methold's for vindication, if vindication he needs."

Still the Dean had not a word at command; he understood it now. With a revulsion of feeling that amounted to positive transport he realized all that this love scene indicated, the safety of it, the prophecy of it. His son might yet do credit, even honor, to his name.

Quick as lightning every hopeful circumstance connected with this betrothal passed in review before his mind. He appraised the solid qualities, the sterling worth, the creditable, if not brilliant, position of this French family to which Millison was henceforth to belong. And, above all, he realized the beauty, serenity, and quiet strength of Jeannie's character.

Turning now to her with an expression of almost melting tenderness, he grasped his son's hand, rejected so sternly a quarter of an hour before. Then holding Jeannie and Millison both, he got out at last, in a voice shaken with emotion: "If indeed for your sake my son has withdrawn from the priesthood, then I can only say, God be praised, and be with you both!"

The words hardly uttered but the young man's generous heart leaped up in response. All that was best, truest, manliest in his nature now for the first time freely spoke; joy and love made him not only liberal, but compassionate. He pitied, he all but loved, his father now for Jeannie's sweet sake.

"I hope, sir," he said, with face turned toward her, "that she will win forgiveness for the pain I have caused you. I hope—" But the rest of the sentence died away on his faltering lips. The Dean, however, wanted no more.

"I have always wished to be kind," he murmured. Then, no longer master of himself, he rose to the window to wipe away the tears that were tears of joy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SQUIRE TRIPP'S OLD ARM-CHAIR.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD PYLE.

I.—THE TRIPPS AND CENTREGROVE.

"The Tripps," said old Newlin Lambourne—"the Tripps are as queer as Dick's hat-band, that went nine times around and then wouldn't tie." And he was right, for they were queer. Old Squire Tripp, the father, was the most odd and eccentric of them all; but Maria and Samuel, and even John, the youngest, were not lacking in the quips and quirks of family character inherited from the father.

Squire Tripp was called "Old Skull and Crossbones" behind his back, and the name fitted him well; but it was only behind his back that he was so called, for he was the richest man in the township, and this gained him consideration with the folks about him.

John was the only other member of the family living at Centregrove; Maria and Samuel were married, the one living in Philadelphia, and the other at Roundbush, which was about ten miles from Centregrove.

About two years before the time of this story John had set up a store on Brook Street, around the corner from Blockson's old place. So far he had not done very well, the other store having all the advantage of long-established custom. At the end of two years over three hundred dollars had been added to the accruing interest on the mortgage of five thousand dollars that his father held against the store and fixtures, and which secured him for the money which he had advanced to John soon after he had started the business.

However, though John had not done very well heretofore, things were now looking a little better, and he felt that he could get along if he could only lift the weight of debt that hung about the neck of his business.

There was no love lost amongst the members of the Tripp family: the children were not fond of one another, nor the Squire of them. He had married for money, and had gotten that for which he had married, and there was an end of the matter. When he had lent John a hand at the store, the money was loaned purely as a business investment; he had secured it thoroughly, and he expected interest to the full legal amount.

John was more succulent with the juice of common human nature than any other member of the family, but he had his father's blood in his veins. The most strongly marked trait of his character was an iron-bound stubbornness, which no consideration either of duty or reason could slacken when it had once taken possession of him. In this he was like his father.

All these things happened at Centregrove, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, about thirty years ago.

Centregrove was not different from a score of other eastern Pennsylvania villages of its kind. The turnpike-road from Philadelphia was the main street of the town. Other streets branched off from it and ran straggling away into country roads. The sidewalks were grass-bordered and unpaved, and were shaded by rows of maple-trees. The houses stood a little piece back from the road in a disjointed, disconnected fashion. They drew further and further apart toward the outskirts of the town, and finally turned first into little farms and then into great farms when they had fairly emerged into the rolling country beyond. The prevailing atmosphere of the place was Quaker and conservative. Everybody who came into town from the country stopped for a longer or a shorter time at the Archangel Tavern, for there the news was threshed out that was afterward sown broadcast over the whole township. Besides that, it was a pleasant place to stop at, at least for the men-folks.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1499.

II.—THE SQUIRE AND THE SHOE-MAKER'S DAUGHTER.

It was summer-time, and it made one feel hot only to listen to the rasping rattle of the locusts in the maple-trees just outside the office window. There was no one within but Squire Tripp and John. A fly buzzed fitfully in the sunny window behind the green baize curtain, otherwise the silence in the room was unbroken. The two had been talking, but now each sat sunk deep in his own thoughts.

"Bur-r-r-r-r-r-r!" sang the locusts through the lull. The Squire sat on the high stool at his desk looking out of the window, and slowly rubbing his bony palms together betwixt his knees. His thin lips were stiffened into the perpetual smile that never left them, and which had nothing of merriment in it.

John sat in moody, almost sullen, silence. He was gnawing at the top of a broom straw, and gazing fixedly into the bare and empty blackness of the sooty fire-place without seeing anything.

The walls of the office were yellow with the ochre of age; on the side furthest from the window hung two maps—one of the State of Pennsylvania, and a smaller one of Chester County. Both of them were dull and yellow, and were peppered all over with fly-specks. The small panes of the deep-set window were also blurred with fly-specks, and the edges of the files of bills that hung beside the desk were blackened by the same. On one side of the room was a case of time-stained books, and upon the other a row of tin boxes. The Squire sat at a high, long-legged desk in the middle of the room; over it were scattered books and papers. A layer of dust covered everything.

After a while the Squire settled his lean neck into the surrounding girth of stiff white stock and collar, and presently broke the silence. He had a very precise way of speaking, dividing his syllables with a cutting precision.

"I can't see why you want to marry the daughter of a cobbler. Sam-u-el and Maria have done well in the world, and have never been a cent of expense to me since they came of age. I grieve to see that you have fixed upon one little better than a pauper."

John did not look up when he spoke, and anybody who knew him could see that a Tripp spell of obstinacy was upon him.

"There is only one reason why I want to marry her," said he, "and that is that I love her."

There was no wavering in the tight smile on the old Squire's face.

"Besides," said John, after a short pause, "I don't see why Maria and Sam should be held up to me; I don't envy them. Sam's an oily skinflint, and just the man to marry a wife for the money he could get out of her; he got the money, but I reckon he didn't get anything else. Maria got money enough too; I guess her husband wishes now that she hadn't."

The Squire made no remark upon these reflections cast by John upon the rest of the family; loyalty to his children was not one of his weaknesses. "Love is a very good thing," said he, "but a young man should look to get on in the world and not be a burden to the rest of his family. I came here forty years and more ago a poor lad; now I think I am as rich as any man in the county. The first start I got was when I married your mother. She had a little prop-er-tie, which I have con-sider-a-blie improved since then."

"I'd rather make my own way than have my wife make it for me," said John.

The Squire made no answer to this, but resumed: "Now I should advise you not to take this step. If you take my advice, I think I may lend you the thousand dollars ad-dition-al which you want. The store has not done very well this far, but I think I may safely lend you that much more on it. But if you go on with this busi-ness, I think I must take such measures as I can to recover that seven hundred dollars which you owe me outside of the mortgage. It may be that I will have to foreclose. It may, after all, be best for you, and I can not afford to lose the money."

"And is that all that you have to offer me?" said John.

"That is all."

John arose; he carefully pulled down his waistcoat and shook the wrinkles out of his trousers. "I'm sorry for it," said he, "but if you're going to ruin me—your own son—you'll have to do it. You know very well that I can't pay that money just now."

"No," said the Squire. "I'll give you plen-tie of time. I'll not press you for that interest till the two years are up. That will be four months longer, and it will only be for six hundred dollars then."

"I might as well have four days and it be for six thousand," said John.

The Squire went on as though he had not heard. "As for that note of one hundred and fifty dollars that matures on Thursday next, you will have to meet it, for I need the mon-ey."

"You needn't be afraid for that," said John, bitterly; "I'll take good care that you have your money. It will cripple me, but you shall have it."

There was a long pause, which the Squire broke at last. "And now do you intend going on with this affair with Jenny Grubb?" said he.

"Yes."

The old man's smile was perhaps a little more rigid. He turned to his desk and dipped his quill into the ink. "Good-day," said he.

"Good-day," said John; and then he went out into the broad glare of the sunlight with a heart as heavy as lead. He walked moodily down the dusty sidewalk, checkered with wavering patches of sunlight and shadow that fell between the maple leaves that rustled hotly above him. All around was a sultry silence, for the town seemed as though sleeping in the hot stillness of a summer morning. He knew that the words which his father had spoken were not said as empty threats. He knew that he would do as he said to every jot and tittle, and his heart was heavy within him. So, with his hands thrust deeply into his trousers pockets, he walked slowly and moodily down the street, gazing stonily upon the ground before him. At last he came to another street, and then he half unconsciously turned to the right. Just ahead of him was a little stone box of a building. Above the door a sign stuck out over the street. Upon it was first the name "Isaac Grubb," then there was the picture of a man's boot and a woman's shoe, then the word "maker." This meant "Isaac Grubb, boot and shoe maker." Back of the shop was the dwelling-house. It was a long one-storied building, built half of brick and half of frame. Beside the house was a combined garden and truck patch. In the box-bordered beds flowers and vegetables were growing together in a tangle, bergamot side by side with pea vines, hollyhocks with potatoes, nasturtiums with onions, lavender with sugar-corn. A girl in a pink cotton frock, her face hidden in the depths of a calico sun-bonnet, was stooping over the tangle of pea vines, picking peas into a tin pan that blazed in the glare of the sunlight. John leaned on the paling-fence and gazed at her without speaking. After a while she looked up.

"Good gracious!" cried she, "how you scared me, John! I didn't hear you come."

"Didn't you?" said he, dully.

It was a rosy, dimpled face that looked out from under the sun-bonnet. The brown hair was tangled about the forehead, and a few healthy freckles were scattered around the chin. It was a wholesome, pretty face, with a good underlying fibre of character beneath the prettiness.

"Won't you come in?" said she.

"No; I guess not," said John, gloomily.

Rap! tap! tap! came the noise of hammering from the shoe-maker's shop.

"What's the matter, John?" said Jenny Grubb; for it began to dawn upon her that something had gone wrong with him.

"Matter enough, Jenny," said he; and then he told her all. As he told her, she came close to him and laid her hand lovingly upon his arm. After he had ended, they both stood silent for a little while. At last Jenny spoke.

"Dear John," said she, "I wish that I could help you."

"So you can," said he.

"How?"

"By marrying me on the tenth of next month, as I wanted you to do."

Rap! tap! tap! sounded the noise of hammering from the shoe-maker's shop.

What else was said was too low for any one to hear.

After a while they parted, she going into the house and he into the shoe-maker's shop. Then the noise of the hammering ceased and the sound of voices followed.

When John went back to the store again it was with a lighter step and heart. His money troubles were as heavy as ever, but then two can bear a load better than one.

While John was leaning over the fence talking to Jenny Grubb, old Squire Tripp was walking down the main street, his spectacles gleaming in the light of the sun like twin stars. He reached the office of Lawyer Green, and went in, and it was a long time before he came out again.

III.—THE FUNERAL AND THE WILL.

In the three months that had passed, John had married and old Squire Tripp had died, and now the day of the funeral had come. A long line of carriages and farm wagons of all sorts trailed slowly along down the street and over the brown and rustling leaves to the burying-ground back of the little Methodist church. No tears were shed, but, for all that, John, as he stood beside the open pit, with Jenny hanging on his arm, felt a lump rise up in his throat at the last moment. Few can hear that awful dull and hollow thud of earth and hear it unmoved. At such a moment everything is forgiven and everything forgotten; only this—that this is the last.

After all was over the family rode back to the darkened and empty house once more. Samuel and Martha, his wife, rode in the same carriage with John and Jenny.

"Have you any notion about the will, John?" asked Samuel.

"A little—not much," said John, briefly.

"I'll be bound that somebody's looked out for No. 1," said Martha, in a more than half-audible whisper. She had never liked John.

Jenny heard it, and she flashed out, hotly: "If you mean John, he has looked out for nobody! He is the last one in the world to beg, or wait for the wearing of dead men's shoes!"

Martha fixed her with a stare that was not entirely successful, and for the rest of the way they rode on in silence.

After they had waited some little time in the darkened parlor, Jonathan Green, the lawyer, came in with the will in his hands. The windows were still bowed, and he stood close by where a streak of light came between the shutters. Then he read the paper.

John and Jenny sat side by side on the hair-cloth sofa; he held her hand in his, and not a sound was heard but the dull monotonous flow of the lawyer's reading. This was left to Samuel and that to Maria, this to Maria and that to Samuel, but John's name was not mentioned until the last. Then the lawyer read: "To my son John I leave the happiness which he has gained without my consent and without my sanction." And that was all.

There was a moment or two of dead silence after the reading. It was what John had expected, nevertheless. His throat was dry and husky. Jenny put her handkerchief to her eyes and began to cry.

"Never mind," said John, in a low and unsteady voice; "I have more than all the rest put together." It was bravely said; but now Samuel held the mortgage against him, and he knew as well as he knew the moon changed that he would have a hard creditor.

"There's a pencil memorandum attached to the will," said the lawyer; and then he read: "In the sale of my household furniture, I would like one of my children—if there be one who cares anything for me—to reserve the old arm-chair that stands in my sitting-room, for it has given ease to my tired body for forty years."

After the reading there was no more to stay for, and so John and Jenny went home together, and if there was silence between them there was reason for it.

Samuel and Martha and Maria and Owen, her husband, lingered for a while in the empty house talking with the lawyer.

"I can't understand," said Samuel, "why there was so little left in money."

"Nor I," said the lawyer. "I had it from Milton Westbrook, the cashier of the Farmer's Bank, that he had withdrawn over seven thousand dollars in the last eighteen months. I can find nothing to account for it."

"Perhaps he let John have it," said Martha.

"No, I don't think that he did that," said the lawyer.

"I wonder where that seven thousand dollars went to?" said Samuel, as he and Martha rode slowly homeward together in their Dearbourn wagon.

"I guess you'll have to ask John about it," said Martha.

"I don't know about that," said Samuel, doubtfully.

"Of course you don't, but I'll go bail that he does."

IV.—THE SALE.

This was some time after the Squire's death. The doors of the house and of the office stood wide open, and a red flag hung from the window beside the house door. George Black, the colored bellman, stood on the door-steps swinging his bell from right to left with a slow, monotonous motion. Now and then he changed the bell from his right hand to his left, or from his left hand to his right, but he never for a moment interrupted the regularity of the te-clang, te-clang, te-clang, te-clang, of the ringing. A stream of men and women was coming and going in and out of the open doors. In one of the back rooms the auctioneer's clerk was busy with his books and memoranda, and the auctioneer himself stood near by picking his teeth with a penknife, and quite indifferent to the stream of people pouring in and out of the room. Samuel was leaning over the table talking to the clerk, who answered without looking up from his books and papers. John was in the room; he stood leaning moodily against the mantel-shelf. He had come to the sale, though it was of no special interest to him. Suddenly the sound of the bell outside ceased, for it was nine o'clock and time for the sale to begin. Then George Black came in, wiping the drops of sweat from his face, for it is hard work ringing a bell for half an hour without let or stay. Presently the sale began, and John stood where he was without moving. One by one the things in that room were sold, and then they went into another room, and John followed with the crowd. So, at last, they came to the sitting-room.

John looked around and saw that the arm-chair stood with the other furniture, then he stepped over to where Samuel was standing. "I thought," said he, "that one of us was to keep father's arm-chair?"

"Why, no," said Samuel; "neither Maria nor I wanted it, and so we thought that it might as well be sold along with the other things."

"But," said John, "I thought that we were to keep it amongst us."

"No," said Samuel; "there wasn't any special orders about it, and so we thought that it might as well go with the rest."

"If neither of you wants it, I'll take it," said John.

"No; I guess, upon the whole, it had better be sold," said Samuel.

"I think," said John, bitterly, "as you got everything and I got nothing, it is as little a thing as you can do to let me have that."

"All that I can say," said Samuel, calmly, "is that it isn't mine to dispose of. It's as much Maria's as it is mine, and you'll have to buy it if you want it."

"All right," said John, as he turned on his heel.

"HowmuchamIbidforthisarmchair?" said the auctioneer, all in one word. "HowmuchamIbidgentlemen? Make-a-start-if-you-please."

"Fifty cents," said John.

"Fif' cents! fif' cents!" suddenly began the auctioneer, as though John had touched a spring and started him going; "fif' cen', fif' cen', fif' cen', fif' cen', fif' cen', fif' cen', fif' cen', fif' cen'—seven'-five, seven'-five, seven'-five, seven'-five, seven'-five—one dol', one dol', one dol', one dol', one dol', one dol', one dol'—"

"Quarter," said John.

"One quar', one quar', one quar', one quar', one quar', one quar', one quar', one quar'—half?" (interrogatively; the other bidder shook his head)—"one dollar and a quarter," said the auctioneer; then, more and more slowly, as though the machinery inside of him was running down, "one—dollar—and—a—quarter! one—dollar—and—a—quarter!" He held his hammer poised for a moment, and then rapped it sharply on the table in front of him—"gone! John Tripp gets it for a dollar and a quarter."

John came over to the clerk's desk. Samuel was standing there, but neither of the brothers looked at or spoke to the other.

"You'd better wait and settle for it at the Archangel," said the clerk.

"No; I'll pay for it now," said John. He rattled the money down upon the table in front of the clerk; then, turning and shouldering the chair, he left the house and walked down the street with his load.

"I didn't want the chair," said he to Jenny, "and I couldn't afford to buy it, but I hated to see it go after father had used it for so long. Besides, it made me mad to see that Sam begrudged it to me when he and Maria have everything else."

The settlements for the sale were made at the Archangel Tavern, and Samuel was there superintending. The parlor of the tavern was full of people, and he knew nearly all of them. Amongst them was Milton Westbrook, the cashier of the Farmer's Bank.

Samuel shook hands with him, and then he said, "Jonathan Green tells me that father drew over seven thousand dollars from the bank in the eighteen months before he died."

"Yes, he did," said Mr. Westbrook; "and, to the best of my recollection, he drew it all in notes on the Bank of North America."

"Well, it beats me to know where it's all gone to," said Samuel.

"Perhaps he advanced it to John."

"No; I'm sure he didn't do that—he wouldn't do it. The only money he advanced to John was five thousand dollars, and that was nearly two years ago. It was secured by a mortgage, and I hold it. There'll be two years' interest due on the first of December."

"Well—a—Samuel," said the cashier, "I don't mean to say anything against thy father, but he was queer, thee knows—mighty queer. Don't thee think he might have hidden that money somewheres?"

"I don't know," said Samuel, slowly and thoughtfully; "it's just as likely as not."

"Thee looked all through the desk?"

"Oh yes; Jonathan Green and I both did that."

"Any secret drawers?"

"Yes; two. Edward Springer opened them for us. There weren't any others. Jonathan Green and I hunted all over the house besides. I can't think of any place where so much cash could be hidden."

"It's a pity thee can't get track of it if it is hidden," said Mr. Westbrook. And then he moved away.

Just then Edward Springer, the cabinet-maker, came up. "Who was it bought your father's old leather chair?" said he.

"John bought that in," said Samuel.

"I fixed it up for your father about two years ago. He wouldn't let me take the old leather off of it. He said he had sat on it for forty years, and allowed that it would last as long as he would."

"What did you do to it?" said Samuel.

"Put in a false bottom and fitted the seat with hinges and a snap-lock. There is a flap of leather hangs down in front and hides the lock. If I could have come to the sale I would have bought it myself. Your father said that he wanted to keep private papers in it; reckon you found 'em, didn't you?"

Samuel did not answer for a moment. Then, "Yes, I have found them," said he, quietly.

V.—THE BROTHERS.

The early darkness was settling; three or four customers had just left the store, and John was standing at the desk at the end of the counter, footing up the accounts of the day. A whale-oil lamp standing on the desk shed a sickly yellow light on his work. Some one came into the store, and John looked up. It was Samuel. The brothers nodded to one another, but neither of them spoke, and John went on with his work. Samuel sat down on the end of a soap-box and waited patiently, his hands resting upon the top of his cane. After a while John laid down the pen, and carefully blotted and closed the book. Then he looked over the top of the desk toward where Samuel sat in the semi-darkness beyond. "Well?" said he, breaking the silence for the first time.

"I'd like to say a few words to you," said Samuel.

"Very well," said John; "what are they?"

"It seems to me to be a great pity that we don't live together as brothers should," said Samuel.

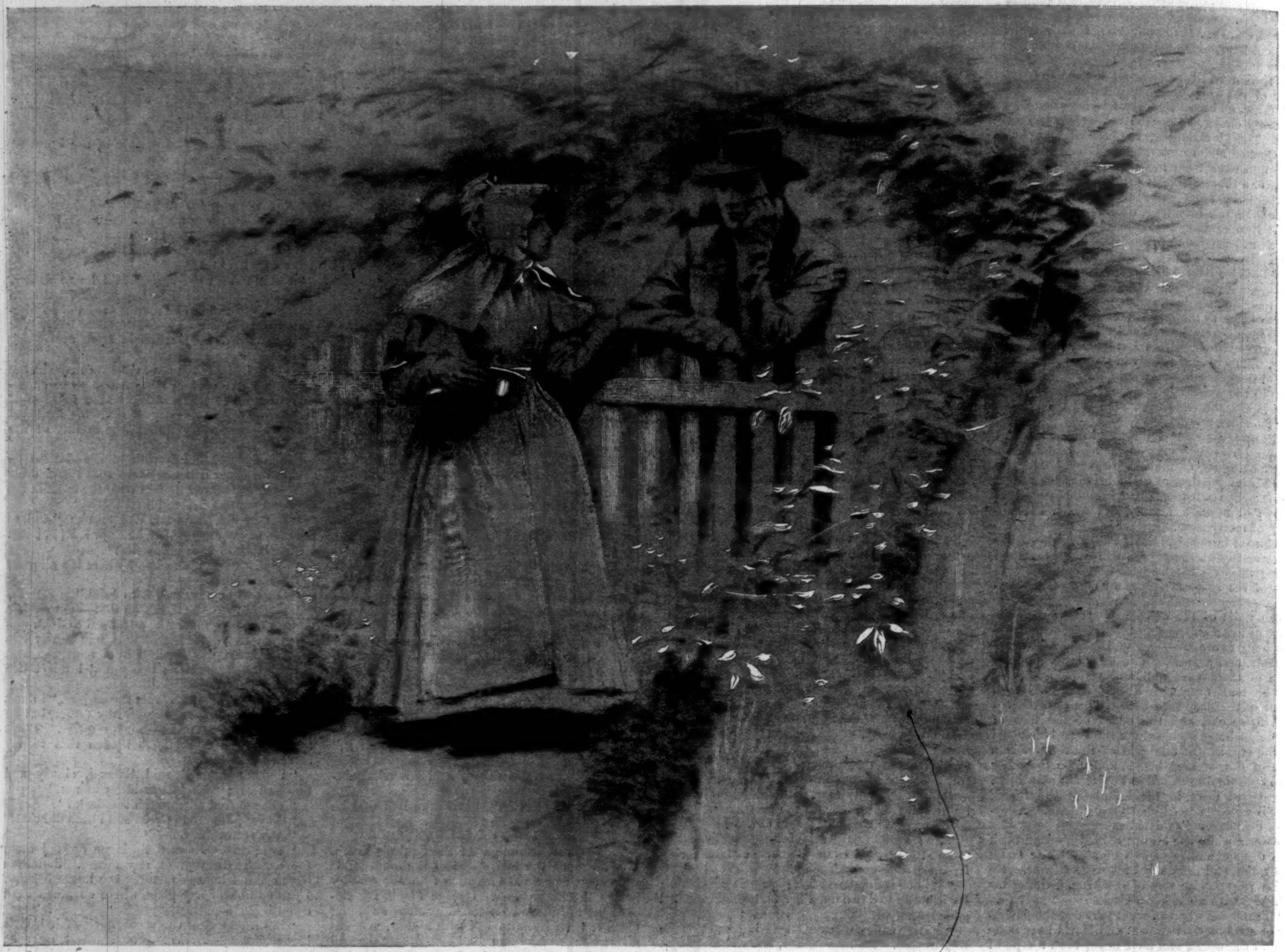
John thrust his hands into his pockets with a little shrug of the shoulders, but he said nothing.

Samuel rubbed his hands softly together over the top of his cane. "So I've come," said he, taking up the thread of his former speech, "to make a move toward a better feeling between us. I've come to take supper with you and to stay all night. It seems to me that I hardly know Jenny yet."

"That's neither her fault nor mine," said John. "But of course we'll be glad to have you stay with us if you care to do so."

Samuel did not seem to notice the lack of cordiality in that which John said. "If I hadn't wanted to come," said he, "I wouldn't have been here now."

The store was closed at seven o'clock at that time of the year. Samuel sat with John and Jenny in the parlor above the store. The whale-oil lamp shed a dull circle of light on the centre table;



SQUIRE TRIPP'S OLD ARM-CHAIR—"SHE CAME CLOSE TO HIM, AND LAID HER HAND LOVINGLY UPON HIS ARM."—[See Page 819.]

country folks did not have much light in the dark hours in those days. Jenny sat close to the light, with her sewing, Samuel sat on a slippery hair-cloth sofa at the side of the room, and John in the old leather chair that he had bought that afternoon. All three were silent just then. Little had been said between them at any time. At last Samuel spoke. "I see that you are using the chair already, John," said he.

"Yes," said John, dryly; "neither you nor Maria seemed to want it."

"You're wrong there," said Samuel. "Everything was so hurried at the sale that I didn't fairly know what I was doing. I ought to have kept it myself, as I was the oldest son. One reason that I came around here to-night was that I wanted to ask you to let me have it."

"No; I guess I'll keep it, now I have it," said John.

Samuel shifted himself uneasily on the slippery sofa. "Of course," said he, assuming a pleasant tone, "I didn't mean that you should pay for it. It cost you a dollar and a quarter, didn't it? Well, I thought that taking that into account, and the loss of time and the trouble you've been put to, five dollars would about clear you." Then, testily, "It ought never to have been sold in the first place, but as I made the mistake, I'll have to pay for it, I reckon." He drew out his purse as he spoke.

"Put up your purse, Sam," said John, quietly; "if you were to offer me fifty dollars now I wouldn't take it. I'll keep the chair, now that I have it."

Samuel laughed nervously. "Well," said he, "it's a dear mistake of mine. All the same, I want the chair. I'll *give* you fifty dollars for it."

There was a moment's pause. Then John settled himself, and caught a firm grip upon the Tripp stubbornness within him. "The chair is all I have out of the whole property," said he, "and I had to pay for that. If you'd offer me twice fifty dollars I wouldn't take it."

Jenny stopped in her sewing, and opened her eyes very wide.

"You won't take a hundred dollars for it?" said Samuel.

"No," said John, doggedly.

There was a space of dead silence after this. At last Samuel spoke again. "Well," said he, "we'll let that matter pass. There was another thing besides the chair that I came to see you about. You know I hold the mortgage against this property now. I should like to give up that mortgage, but I don't feel that it would be doing justice either to myself or to my family."

Here he paused for a moment as though he expected the others to say something, but Jenny worked away steadfastly at her sewing, and John sat grimly silent.

"Well," said Samuel again, "that's the way I look at the matter. I may be mistaken, but that's the way I look at it. But now I'll tell you what I can and will do. There's nearly two years' interest due on the mortgage; I feel that I will be justified in giving you a release of the whole of that amount. That will give you a chance to start fair and square with the world again."

Jenny's sewing slid from her lap, and she sat gazing at Samuel as though she doubted whether she had heard aright. John arose, and began walking hastily up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped and laid his hand on Jenny's shoulder.

"Sam," said he, "I am free to say that I felt very bitter about the matter of that mortgage. I did think that father might have left me that much at least. But if you mean what you say, we don't ask anything else; do we, Jenny? All we want is to stand fair on our feet again, and to have one more try. I'm not afraid of ruin myself, but when I think of this dear girl—" He stopped, for other words would not come.

"Of course," said Samuel, calmly, "I sha'n't stand by and see my brother brought to ruin. I am glad to do that much for you; and there is only one thing I ask in return; that is, that you will let me have that chair of father's."

John took his hand from Jenny's shoulder and thrust it into his pocket. He stood for a long time looking down upon the floor. At last he spoke. "I'd rather not do that," said he, moodily.

"Oh, let him have it, John!" cried Jenny, clasping her hands.

"I'd rather not," said John.

"You won't do that much?" said Samuel, savagely.

"I'd rather not."

"Very well, John Tripp!" said Samuel. "Now listen to me: let me have that chair, and I will give you a receipt in full for the interest on the mortgage for two years. Keep the chair, and if you don't pay every cent of that interest I'll foreclose on you as sure as you're a living man!"

Silence followed, through which the clock in the kitchen tick-tacked loudly and clearly.

"I'll keep the chair," said John at last.

Samuel got up from the sofa and left the room without another word. They heard him hunting for his hat in the dark entry. Then the door closed, and his feet crunched on the gravel outside.

Jenny buried her face in her hands and cried as though her heart would break.

"D—n the chair!" burst out John, and he gave it a kick as he spoke.

VI.—SAMUEL GETS THE CHAIR.

That was a hard winter—the winter of '56—and it was a gloomy season for John and Jenny, for ruin was staring them in the face. The two years' interest on the mortgage was due. By close frugality they had paid off the other debt, but this one hung about their lives as heavy as lead. John had tried to borrow money everywhere and of everybody, but times were hard, money was scarce, and men were suspicious. He had sat down to write to Samuel a score of times to tell him that he might have the chair. But try as he would, he could not bring himself to do it. He struggled with the Tripp stubbornness within him, but it cast him down again and again. It was as tough as a hickory staff; he might bend it a little, but break it, never!

On the 10th of December he received a letter from Jonathan Green. He knew what it was before he opened it. This was what it said:

"*Mr. John Tripp:*

"Sir,—Two years' interest upon the mortgage of five thousand dollars, held by Mr. Samuel Tripp against your store property and fixtures, was due upon the first day of the present month. You will please call at my office and settle for the same. I am, sir, yours truly, Jonathan Green."

John put on his hat and went straight around to the lawyer's office.

"I can't pay that interest," said he.

"I am sorry to hear it," said the lawyer.

There were a few moments of silence before John spoke again. "Are you going to foreclose on me?" said he at last.

"I am afraid I must. I am instructed to do so."

John turned slowly away. "Very well," said he, huskily; "go ahead. I guess I can stand it if Sam can." He fumbled for the latch of the office door, but before he had opened it the lawyer called him back.

"Look here, John," said he; "what's the use of your being so obstinate as all this? Don't it strike you that you're a little pig-headed in this matter? You know very well that Sam only wants you to let him have that old chair. He wants to release you if you'll only let him. Look; here's a receipt in full for the six hundred dollars' interest. Let him have that chair, and it's yours."

John stood looking stonily down upon the floor without speaking.

"Let him have it," urged the lawyer.

Then at last John looked up and spoke; but it seemed as though the words choked him. "I—I guess I'll keep the chair," said he. And then he went out of the office.

The handbills of the sale were published, and made a great stir and talk in the town. Two of them were posted at the Archangel Tavern. The sale was to be upon the twenty-fourth.

Early in the morning of the day before the sale began the great snow-storm of '56. Folks afterward remembered to have seen the crows flying south in a long line of flocks that took nearly a day to pass. Those who awoke early in the morning found fine slivers of frost silently sifting to the ground, which was only just beginning to be whitened by the fall. By noon the snow was whirling and seething and hissing, and in all of the gables and sheltered fence corners the drifts were piled in sharp-cut mounds.

"If I were in your place, Samuel, I wouldn't go," said Martha Tripp.

Samuel was standing with his back to the crackling wood fire. He had his fur cap upon his head, and was drawing on his riding gloves. A horse, ready saddled, stood outside in the whirling snow that was even now nearly knee-deep.

"I must go," said he; "there's something I want to buy in for myself."

"The arm-chair?"

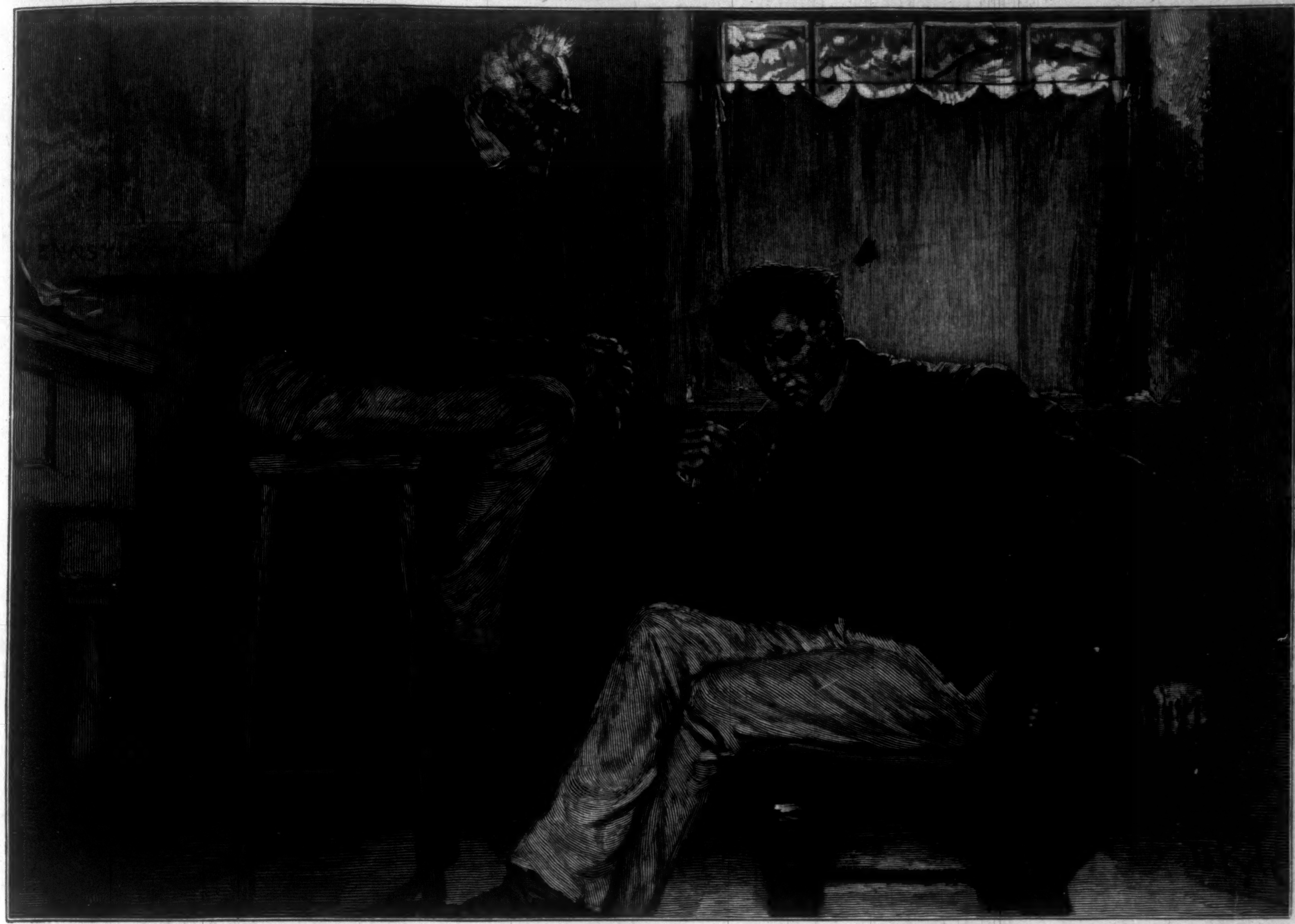
"Yes."

"Jonathan Green will buy it in for you—he knows how much you want it. Even if he don't, it won't matter. What do you want with an old leather chair, anyhow? It's half past two now, and if you get snowed up and the night comes on, there's no knowing what might happen."

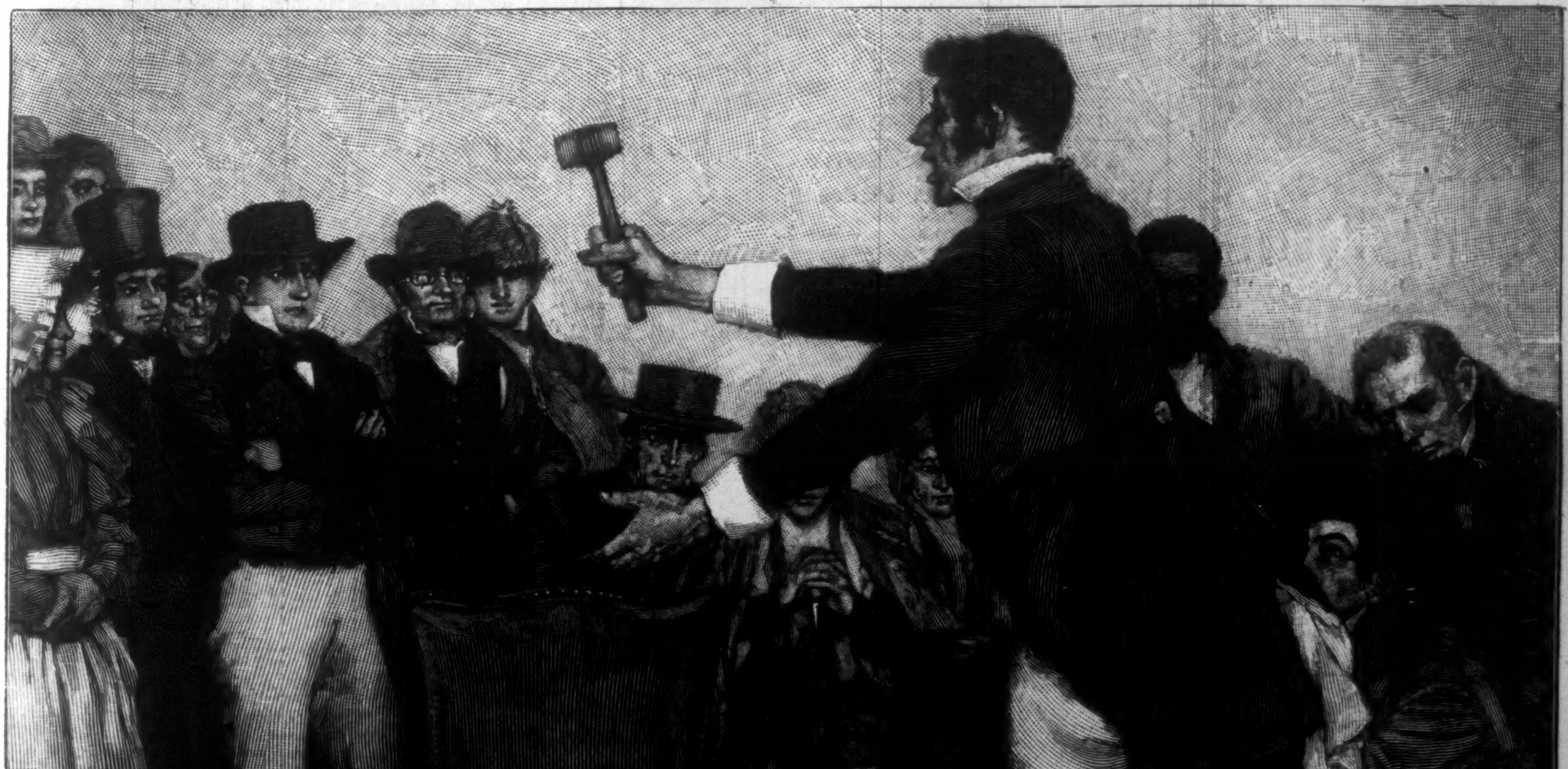
"Pshaw!" said Samuel, testily. He took a turn or two up and down the room as though to put off the time of going. Then he stopped in front of the fire again. "You don't suppose I hanker after going, do you? If you knew everything you would be more anxious to have me go than you are to have me stay, I can tell you." He struggled into his overcoat as he spoke. "I'll be back to-morrow afternoon," said he, as he buttoned it up to the chin. Then he pulled the cap down about his ears and went out into the whirling storm.

By five o'clock that afternoon it was as dark as midnight. John and Jenny sat hand in hand in the little sitting-room just back of the parlor above the store. They had been talking, but now both

[*Continued on page* 825.]



SQUIRE TRIPP'S OLD ARM-CHAIR—"THE SQUIRE WENT ON AS THOUGH HE HAD NOT HEARD."—[See Page 819.]



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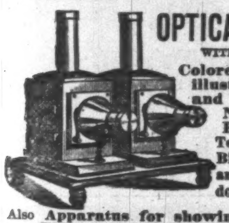

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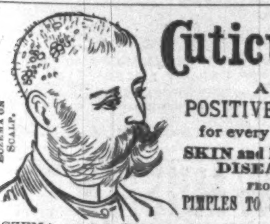

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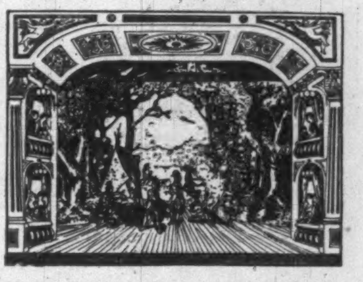

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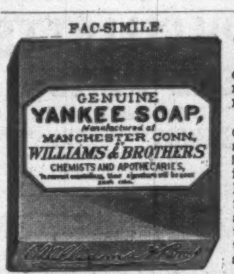

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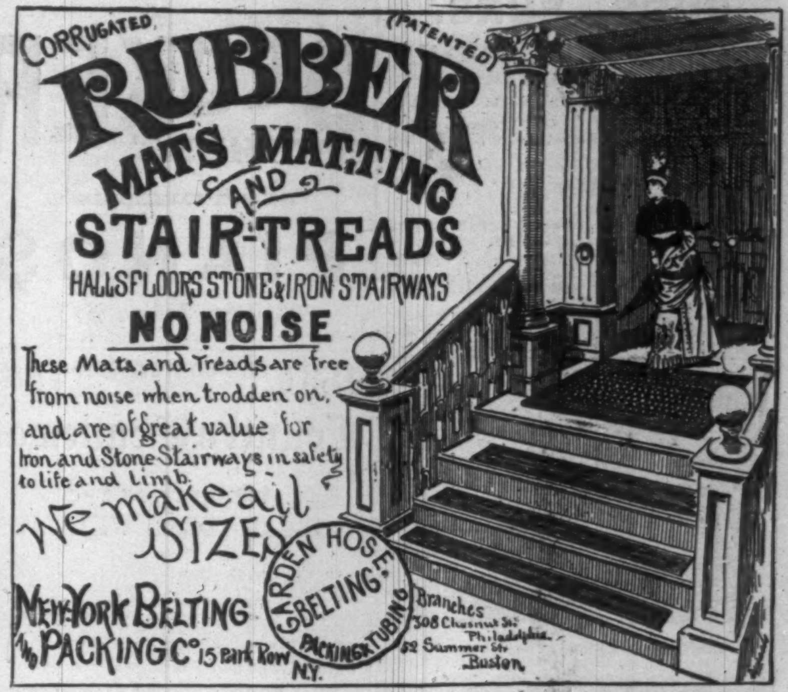

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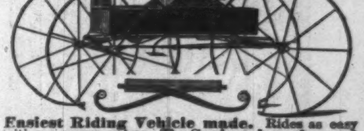

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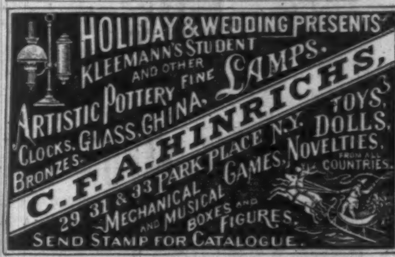

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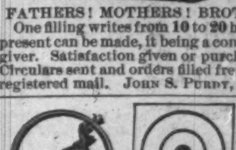

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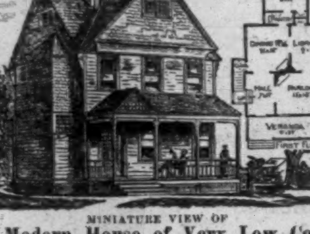

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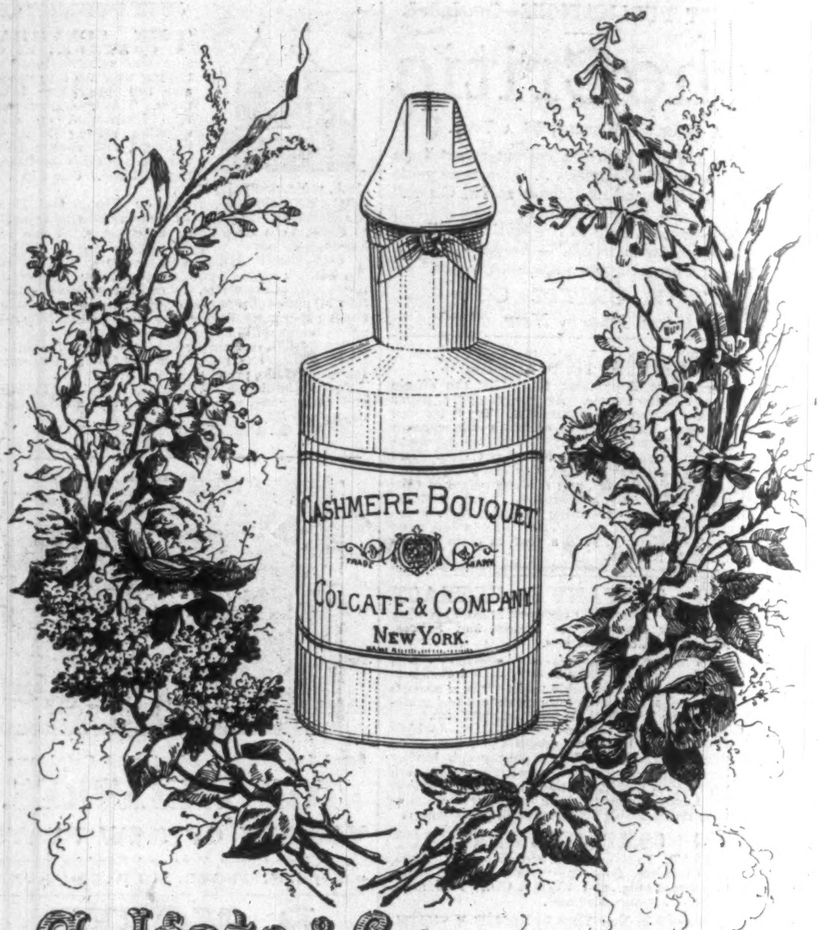

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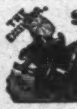

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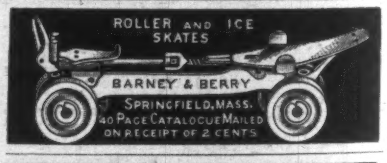

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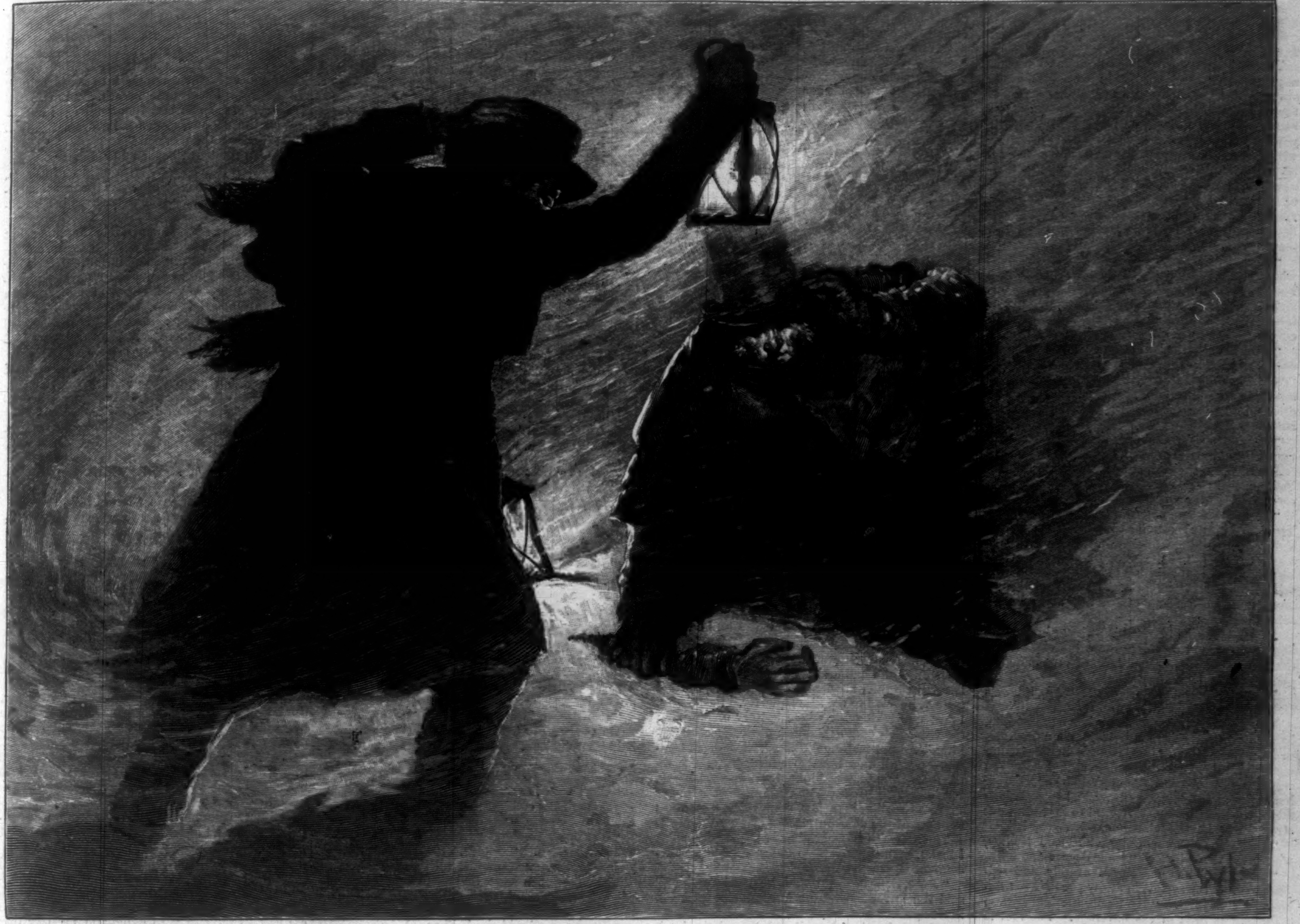


SQUIRE TRIPP'S OLD ARM-CHAIR—"THE FINGERS OF THE HAND WERE CLUTCHED LIKE A CLAW."

SQUIRE TRIPP'S OLD ARM-CHAIR.

[*Continued from page* 820.]

were silent, sunk in thoughts that had flowed from what had already been said. The shutters were closed, for the bitter air found its way through every crack and cranny, making the room chill in spite of the fire that blazed and crackled in the stove. But deep as their thoughts were, the uproar of the storm outside mingled with them, and they half listened without knowing it. As they sat thus, thinking and listening, there came a lull in the noises of the storm without. Suddenly Jenny's hand closed upon John's and clutched it tight. "Hark! what was that?" she cried in a sharp voice. They both sat breathless and silent, every nerve strung like a bowstring. At last John broke through the tension of the silence.

"I didn't hear anything," said he.

"But I did!" cried Jenny, excitedly; "I heard some one call for help—I'm sure I did!"

"Nonsense," said John; "no one would be out in such a night as this." Nevertheless he arose after a little space, and went into the dark and chilly parlor beyond. He opened the window and leaned far out into the night. A blast of icy air blew into the room, and with it a cloud of snow. He listened awhile, and then he called in a loud voice, "Helloa! helloa, there!" He listened awhile longer, but nothing was heard but the bellowing of the storm. Then he closed the window and went back shivering into the warm room again.

"There was nobody there," said he; "I guess it must have been a dog you heard." He sat down beside her once more. Neither of them spoke for a long time, but each knew that the other was listening to every sound. At last John glanced up at the clock. "Look!" said he; "it's not half past five yet, and it's as dark as midnight outside."

"John," said Jenny, suddenly, "suppose somebody *was* lost in the snow!"

John did not answer immediately; at last he said, somewhat impatiently, "You don't expect me to go out in such a night as this to hunt for a sound in the snow, do you?"

Jenny made no answer; still she did not seem to be quite satisfied. "Hadn't I better put a light in the front window of the parlor?" said she.

"You may if you want to," said John; "I don't believe it will do any good, but it can't do any harm that I can see."

So Jenny lit another lamp, and going into the room beyond, placed it on the window-ledge. She was busied for some time drawing back the curtains and raising the blinds so as to show as much light as possible. After a while she came into the room again and closed the door between it and the parlor, but she had hardly done so when a loud and continued knocking came at the store door, which opened upon a little porch, and so upon the road beyond.

"There!" cried she, half in fright and half in triumph; "I knew that some one was outside in the snow."

John snatched up the lamp and hurried down-stairs, closely followed by Jenny. He slipped the bar and drew the bolts of the store door. It flew open, and a burly figure, closely buttoned up in a coarse heavy overcoat, burst into the room in a whirl of snow. It was Dr. Whitteridge, their next neighbor, and he carried a lighted lantern in his hand. He spoke no word of greeting, but turned directly to John.

"Is your brother Samuel here?" said he.

"No," said John, dryly; "he's not likely to come here."

The doctor paid no attention to the tone in which he spoke. "You know that I sold him my bay horse about two weeks ago, don't you?" said he.

"Yes, I heard something of it," said John.

"Well, ten minutes ago I found the horse standing in front of my house. He was saddled and bridled."

There was a moment or two of dead silence; then John turned slowly to his wife, and his face was as white as wax. "My God!" said he, in a breathless voice, "it was Sam you heard, Jenny." He passed his hand over his face, and seemed as though awakening from a dream. "Run upstairs, dear, and fetch my overcoat as quick as you can," said he, sharply.

Jenny was gone in a moment.

"What are you going to do now?" said Dr. Whitteridge.

"I am going out to look for him," said John. "He can't be very far off, for Jenny heard some one calling for help not a quarter of an hour ago. I wonder he couldn't see the house if he was so close to it."

"I couldn't see the house," said the doctor. "I came nigh being lost just in this little distance. I would have been lost if you hadn't put a light in the front window."

"It was Jenny did that," said John.

While the two were speaking, John was busily lighting the store lantern. By the time that this was done Jenny had brought him his overcoat. He buttoned it well up to the chin, and then he and the doctor stepped out into the snow. Close to the door the drifts were so deep that they could hardly drag their way through them, and even out in the open road the snow reached nearly to their knees. The whirling storm was so thick and blinding that they would have been lost within twenty paces of the steps of the house only for the lamp in the window, which gleamed faintly and fitfully. The lanterns shed a barred, moving circle of dull yellow light on the smooth surface, and their shadows stalked along beside them shapeless and gigantic. Whenever they spoke, their voices sounded with a smothered loudness. They hunted up and down and across the road as beagles hunt for the scent of a rabbit, but still they found nothing. "He can't be far away," said John, for the twentieth time, "or Jenny never could have heard him in all of this storm."

"But there's no knowing how far he might have walked," said the doctor; then suddenly, with a loud cry: "Good Lord! here he is. I trod on him just now."

John turned sharply, and saw the other stooping over a drift. He blundered forward through the deep snow, and saw that the doctor was brushing the snow away. He had already uncovered an arm. The fingers of the hand were clutched like a claw, as though they had stiffened in the grim, lonely fight with death. John stooped and dragged the figure out of the drift. "He's dead, doctor," he said, solemnly.

"We don't know about that," said the doctor, sharply. "The first thing to do is to get him to the house."

"I guess I can carry him if you'll give me a lift," said John. He stooped and caught the figure by the lapels of the thick overcoat, and, the doctor helping him, he managed to get it upon his back in some fashion. Then they labored slowly back toward the house again. It could not have been more than a score of paces away, but long before they reached it the sweat was pouring down John's face in streams.

Jenny stood in the shelter of the doorway of the store. She held a lamp, which she protected from the storm with her hand. She saw what it was that her husband bore as he came staggering up the steps through the drifts; but she said nothing, and he silently laid his burden down upon the floor of the store. The doctor knelt down and thrust his hand into the bosom of the waistcoat. The husband and wife stood looking silently down into the white pinched face lit by the yellow light of the lamp.

"He came here to ruin me," said John, in a low voice.

"Oh, John, don't talk that way now," whispered Jenny.

"Why not?" said John. "All grudge is over between us."

Just then the doctor looked up. "He's not dead," said he, "and we may pull him through. It was a close shave, though; five minutes more would have done it. Now bring me some brandy as soon as you can."

In half an hour Samuel's eyes were open, and he was breathing painfully. "He'll pull through now," said the doctor; "but we must have a hot mustard bath as soon as we can get it."

"Oh, John," said Jenny, "the fire's all out in the kitchen stove, and there's no wood. I used the last stick of it to boil the water for tea."

"We'll have to have something," said John, snatching up the hatchet that lay beside the counter. Suddenly he stopped, as though a thought had struck him. He gazed fixedly at the hatchet, which he turned this way and that in his hands. At last he looked up and spoke.

"I'll chop up the chair," said he; "it ought to be burned for all the trouble it has brought."

"Oh, don't do that!" cried Jenny. "Think what we've been offered for it—six hundred dollars, John! Chop up one of the empty sugar barrels down in the cellar. There's an empty soap box over there; take that."

But John shook his head. There was something in the thought of burning the chair to keep life in his brother Samuel that tickled the Tripp spirit within him. "No," said he; "Sam's wanted the chair so much that I'm going to let him have it. I'll give it to him for a Christmas present. Come, Jenny, and hold the lamp for me."

Jenny looked pleadingly into his face. The old stubborn spirit was stamped upon it, and she knew that it would be of no use to argue or to reason. So she took the lamp, and went obediently with him without another word.

John turned the old chair over on its back. First he struck off the front legs. They broke easily enough, for the wood was dry. "Here's a board on the bottom that will do to start the blaze with," said he. He struck the hatchet into it as he spoke. He struck again, and a large piece split off. There was a space inside, and it was full of stamped papers. Two of them fell to the floor, and Jenny stooped and picked them up. Suddenly she gave a sharp cry: "John! John!" The lamp fell from her hands with a crash, and they stood in darkness.

"What is it, Jenny?" said he, in a voice that rang with his alarm.

"Oh, John! oh, John! *the chair's full of money!*"

There was a space of dead silence, through which they heard the shuffling sound of the doctor's feet as he moved around his patient in the room below. Then John spoke in a voice that trembled in spite of himself.

"No wonder Sam wanted the chair so much!" said he. "Fetch another light, Jenny."

This was the way in which Samuel got the chair, after all.

THE NICE LITTLE MAN.

By FANNY FOSTER CLARK.

I.—IN PARADISE.

The fashionable New York boarding-house, as a great institution, has given way before the apartment-house, but there still linger a few of the old establishments. Of these the most select in the city is kept, as for the past twenty years, by Mrs. Demar. She has a dark and much-wrinkled countenance, which lends interest to her history; for, driven from the South by the vicissitudes of war, she boasts the dignity and sadness of one "that hath had losses, go to!" On a November morning she looked down the long breakfast table and said, in her most retrospective manner:

"Help yo'self to the cakes, Mr. Swift. Ah! when I think of po' pa's mansion on Bayou Fourche, and the horses champin' befo' the do', and the scent of magnolias everywheres, 'pears as if— Well, never mind," and she smiled resignedly. "Take plenty of the cakes, Mr. Swift."

"Yes, Mrs. Demar," answered Mr. Owen Swift, as he speared a dozen of the tempting rounds, "'*Similia similibus ardentia verba hic hoc gloria mundi*,' as we have it in the classics." Then he directed a lightning wink at Mr. Dudley, the journalist.

"Quite true!" exclaimed the landlady, "and very beau-tifully expressed."

Herr Fuchs, the German gentleman, burst out indignantly: "Sir, your Latein I must announce erroneous. Allow me to clarify you that—"

"Here, help yourself," Swift interrupted, giving a facetious kick under the table and pushing a dish toward him, while the foreigner sat hopelessly bewildered. Mr. John Dudley, who wrote leaders for a great morning paper, permitted himself to smile, and young Gerard Van Tassell sputtered in his coffee-cup like a boy at boarding-school.

As good luck had it, at this awkward point the door opened, and there appeared the elaborately dressed hair and wizened face of an eminently genteel lady, about sixty years old.

Mr. Swift at once exclaimed: "Aha! here's Miss Spinner. Now breakfast *is* breakfast."

Miss Cordelia Spinner shook her hand at him, half in playful greeting, half in coquettish reproof; then she uttered, most solicitously, her usual formula: "Good-morning, sir. I hope you rested well." After which she remarked, stirring her coffee and sighing deeply: "Ah! this reminds me of the dear bishop. He used to say, 'Make it strong, my dear Cordelia—make it strong!'"

"Liked his drinks strong, eh?" said Dudley, who hated the spinster and her decorum.

"His *coffee*," she explained, severely, and reddening about the eyelids in a way peculiar to thin-blooded old ladies. "My uncle, the late Bishop Spinner, was fond of the beverage. The fact is mentioned in his memoirs."

"Very interesting fact, too. Remember distinctly," said Swift. Then he called out, cheerily, "Morning, Mrs. Pond"; for entering the room was a portly figure carrying three chins and a much-beribboned cap. This was the lady of great wealth, who paid enormously for the whole second floor.

"Mr. Swift, how do you do?" returned Mrs. Pond, in deep, hoarse tones, and without deigning a glance at any one else. "By-the-way, will you kindly ask my lawyer to come up this evening?"

"With pleasure," answered Swift, effusively. "Ah, I envy that fellow! You're always sending for him."

At which compliment Mrs. Pond made a gurgling sound down in her throat, under the pile of chins, and looked immensely flattered.

There was presently a rustle in the doorway, the delightful *frou-frou* of ruffles and laces that always announces an especially feminine sample of femininity, and a young, pretty, rosy widow came undulating along. She wore a bewildering gown of ethereal pinks and blues, and Mr. Swift cried out, in familiar admiration, "Why, Mrs. Pettit, you look like Aurora!"

"Oh, you're a naughty, naughty boy!" answered the lady, making her voice sweetly run the gamut up and down, so one really felt she had said a great deal.

The next comers were Flossie and Jennie Fane, two young creatures who had for sole equipment in the battle of life each a pair of large dark eyes, which they turned on Mr. Swift expressively. Their bustling, anxious mamma greeted him with,

"How well you look, dear Mr. Swift, and how handsome!"

The young man being a stout, well-set-up fellow, with bright blue eyes, a straight nose, and a clear skin, felt he couldn't truthfully contradict this statement, so he jocosely answered, "All right; I can't help it."

Whereupon the ladies laughed in chorus, while Flossie Fane lisped, "Oh, you are so witty!"

But as Mr. Swift was a driving stock-broker, it was time to be off to business, so he rose briskly from the table.

"Come here," said Mrs. Demar, playfully beckoning to him, and as he leaned over her chair she pronounced the thrilling words, "You shall have the turn-up bedstead."

Dudley heard them and sneered, for that convenient turn-up bed had been denied to him a dozen times; Van Tassell heard them and grumbling audibly; he flung out into the hall and put on his overcoat. Presently Swift was trying to accomplish the same thing, but under difficulties, for Addie, the landlady's daughter, had clasped both hands over his arm, and was exclaiming, in her own high-bred fashion,

"Oh! Swifty, aren't you awful ni-ce?"

He gave her an affectionate tap on the cheek, then ran out, and caught up with the other men on the sidewalk.

"How do you do it?" snapped Van Tassell, savagely.

"Do what?" returned Swift, as one conscious of his own powers, yet modestly inclined to let others specify them.

"Why, get such an influence with women."

"Oh!" replied the lucky fellow, airily; "I have a gift, my dear boy. Now Mrs. Pond never suspects I call her 'old Ponderous'; Miss Spinner thinks I venerate the bishop; and as for the girls, why, I have to push 'em away—actually push 'em away."

"They'll want to marry you," said Dudley.

"H'm, perhaps," answered Swift, with profound gravity; "but I couldn't think of sacrificing myself. The choice is large, in the city and out of it. Now at Albany there is the most magnificent creature, who is very fond of me, poor girl! Perhaps some day— But no, no; I could never decide on any *one*."

"You'll get in some deuce of a snarl yet," growled Dudley.

"Pooh! never fear. Don't forget I have a natural gift for managing the dear creatures. Not proud of it at all—a mere gift. By-the-way, I'm called to Boston on business for a few days. Good-by;" and he jumped on a passing street car.

II.—PARADISE LOST.

Three days later Mr. Swift sprang up the stairs, entered his room, and throwing off his dusty travelling clothes, proceeded to make a toilet. "Hallo!" he muttered, looking about him; "Demar must have forgotten that bedstead."

Then presently Dudley came in, nodded lazily, and said: "Getting ready for dinner? Expect to be stared at, of course."

"Well," was the careless answer, "that sort of thing doesn't disturb me."

Then the two went down into the dining-room, and Mr. Swift, having unfolded his napkin, looked up and announced in a loud tone, "Here I am, safe and sound."

A moment of pleasant expectancy, another of puzzled suspense, and he swept the table with a keen glance. What was this? Mrs. Demar beaming affectionately toward a point upon her right between Mrs. Pond and Miss Spinner; those two ladies, with their shoulders respectively bony and rotund, inclined to the same quarter. Pretty Mrs. Pettit unmasking her whole battery of dimples; the Fane girls ogling; Addie ("false, fleeting, perjured" Addie) making little outcries of admiration—and all this homage addressed in one direction. Amazement blunted Mr. Swift's senses, but he felt the presence of a stranger—a stranger who was saying, in a low, mild voice, "Thanks; no more of the chicken pie."

Then Mrs. Demar exclaimed: "Indeed, doctor, I insist. The gravy is so nourishing, and nourishment is what you need."

"Pure, rich cream would be good for him," said the lovely widow, the words melting off deliciously from her red lips.

"Cream he shall have," pronounced the landlady.

"Great Heaven!" thought Swift; "hot cakes I have had pressed upon me, but cream—never!" By this time his vision had cleared, and he could perceive a very small young gentleman, whose mild countenance was shaded by a scant light brown beard. He had thin hair of the same neutral tint; his pale eyes were near-sighted and spectacled. Swift flung back his own broad shoulders, fingered his strong mustache, and inwardly ejaculated, "Pooh! this is some mistake." Forthwith he remarked, still more loudly, "It seems pleasant to be at home again." Mrs. Demar gave only a cold nod, but he continued, "I had quite a journey, and I'm very—"

"Dr. Beazle was speaking," interrupted Mrs. Pond, in her deepest bass.

"Not at all; it's nothing," the small gentleman protested, courteously bowing.

"Dr. Beazle—Dr. Collingwood Beazle, of St. Barnaby's." Mrs. Demar pronounced the introduction; Mr. Swift gave the usurper one scornful look, and at once resumed a dominant tone.

"I heard a capital story to-day," he began; then plunged desperately into his choicest Irish anecdote. The mere dialect had been known to make the ladies quite hysterical. Now there arose a flood of talk on every side, though Mr. Swift bravely struggled on to the crowning comicality: "'Faith,' says Pat, 'I'm not dead, but I'm spachleless!'"

"So! Dot was very sad," remarked Herr Fuchs, puzzled, but anxious to be polite. No one else had heard a word, and Mrs. Pond was beseeching the new-comer: "Pray go on with that interesting tale."

"It's nothing, nothing at all," protested the little man, modestly.

"It's charming!" cried Miss Spinner.

"Delightful!" purred the widow.

"It's just too sweet for anything!" screamed Miss Addie.

So he related some mild story, and immediately Swift opened up on the tariff question. His views on political economy were wont to be heard with awe.

"The tariff means national ruin," he thundered. The remark fell still-born, and the Fane girls giggled—actually giggled.

Then Mr. Swift began to eat, to eat furiously, recklessly, thereby showing that his appetite and spirits were untouched.

"You'll choke yourself," admonished Dudley, with a sardonic grin.

"Not at all; very hungry; never felt better in my life;" and when the last boarder had left the room, Mr. Swift coolly took the empty seat next the landlady.

"Where's that secretary bed?" he began, with all his old jocular assurance. "Come, now, it's mine."

"Oh dear no," replied Mrs. Demar. "I've given it to Dr. Beazle."

"Who is this Beazle, anyway?" demanded Swift, with the hardihood of a court favorite. "He sha'n't have my furniture."

"Sir," answered Mrs. Demar, rising, "I must remind you that eighteen a week does *not* include a secretary bedstead." Forthwith she bustled straight out of the room.

No creature of the Greek drama, overtaken by a horrible fate provoked generations before its victim was born, could be a more pitiful image of helpless protest and revolt than was Mr. Swift. He stared awhile at the orange peels and nut shells, then climbed to Dudley's room and burst in with the demand: "Look here! what's the meaning of all this?"

"Very simple," answered Dudley. "Women who haven't the wholesome cares of household and children must seek some other interest. Now the only other interest proper to their sex is—a man. Then, again, Nature having created woman as our complement, when the proper ties between us are refused, punishes the recreants by allowing some absurd tie—silly friendship, insane adoration, or—"

"But," broke in Swift, violently, "this creature is a mere—mere" (he hesitated for a classical term)—"a mere picked chicken."

"In every female breast," continued Dudley, "is lodged the noble instinct of maternity. Now a little man in delicate health is something akin to a babe holding out its feeble hands and asking to be taken care of."

Just then Van Tassell, sauntering in, inquired, "Hallo! dethroned monarch, how do you like the parson?"

"He's an insect," vociferated Swift.

"Oh! he stings, eh?" returned the boy; and Mr. Swift, assailed by profane laughter, made this awful threat: "Ha! I shall take a terrible revenge."

III.—REVENGE!

For the next week Owen Swift conducted himself in a very plucky manner. He ate inordinately; he spoke in a loud and painfully cheerful voice; he looked over the ladies' heads with indifference. Once he indulged a sneer as Mrs. Pond asked Dr. Beazle for his views on finance.

"Finance?" echoed Beazle in his gentle way, and softly laughing; "my whole acquaintance with the subject consists in jotting down how my salary goes."

"How witty!" screamed Addie.

Witty? And Swift had been held as a household Sheridan! This was too much, so he put a vicious question:

"Where did you take your D.D., Dr. Beazle?"

"Oh, I took it at an obscure college in Texas—not much of a college," answered Beazle. "And I'm only a curate, you know."

"Confound his good-nature!" said Swift, between his teeth. "Dudley, ask the fellow into your room. I must quarrel with him."

The other men were invited to the fray, and when Swift entered, the small curate was just lighting a cigar.

"Smoke, eh?" said the belligerent.

"Yes; oh yes; I enjoy a cigar."

"Humph! the early Christians did not smoke. By what right do you indulge in such a luxury? Answer me that, sir." Mr. Swift looked quite fiendish over the blue flame of a match.

"I like it, you see," answered the small man, pleasantly.

"By George! I'll argue the matter with you," declared Swift, in great excitement.

Beazle smiled and replied, comfortably puffing away, "I never argue—don't know how; but I enjoy listening to men who are gifted with eloquence. Discourse, now, Mr. Swift."

"Good idea! Go it! go it!" roared Van Tassell.

"Go it?" asked Herr Fuchs, eagerly—"go it? Is he not a leetle animal with hor-rns—no?"

Even this diversion could not stay Swift's rage, and he demanded, savagely:

"Do you favor protection, sir? Are you a tariff man?"

"Ah!" said the doctor, "it's as much as I can do to look after the Sunday-school and the paupers and the choir. You've no idea what a choir is. The contralto declares her voice is kept in cruel obscurity; the bass and tenor hate each other; but the sopranos, they're the worst of all." Then he shook his head and sighed.

"Mrs. Pettit's compliments, and will Dr. Beazle join a whist party?" a servant interrupted. So he withdrew to Mrs. Pettit's bower.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Mr. Swift laughed, nervously. "The poor wretch has succeeded to my misery. I really pity him. It was very tedious to have Mrs. Fane hinting that Flossie grew thin on my account; to have Addie always hanging about; and as for Mrs. Pettit, why, between ourselves, she—"

"Stop there!" Dudley broke in, sternly. Now if this professed hater of his species had any craving for human sympathy, it was from that smiling, dimpled flirt. If he ever wished for the touch of a human hand, the hand his mind dwelt upon was of a certain plumpness. It had finger-nails like little pink sea-shells; in dissecting a breakfast roll it entranced the eye; its lightest touch was tender and thrilling as a kiss.

"Oh! I see," Swift replied, knowingly. "Now, as for me, here's my choice." Drawing a photograph from his pocket, he threw it on the table.

"By gracious!" exclaimed Van Tassell. "Splendid woman. Tall, isn't she?"

"Large and blonde," Swift enunciated, making an emphatic pause after each word. "Proportions, grand; hair, golden; temper, pleasant."

"Are you engaged?" asked Dudley.

"A few words will arrange the matter. Hitherto consideration for others has held me back." With a showy action, he flung away his cigar and swept up the picture; then he went straight down-stairs to Mrs. Pond's drawing-room door. Before he could knock, he heard, in her great, rumbling tones, this remark:

"His poor dear back is not strong. I shall send him a cushioned study-chair at Christmas."

"That never means my back," Swift's jealous soul cried out, and giving a great thump on the door, he entered. Miss Spinner was there, and by chance also Mrs. Demar, who said, carelessly,

"Oh, is that you?"

"Yes," he answered, throwing himself into a seat, "though I can scarcely believe the fact myself. There are states of exalted happiness in which a man can not realize his own identity;" and he drew an ecstatic breath. "I'm in the clouds; I'm the merriest fellow alive; I am"—here he threw out his open palm dramatically—"I am going to be married."

"Who's the lady?" asked Mrs. Demar.

"The lady?" he spoke with wild enthusiasm. "She's a beautiful creature; and the most charming thing about her is—she never lived in a boarding-house."

"Indeed!" and "Humph!" in anything but pleasant tones, reached his delighted ears, and he continued: "She is tall, magnificent. Here's her picture." He felt in his pocket for the photograph. "Why—why—I"—as he fumbled in vain—"I must have left it on Dudley's table. Never mind, I'll bring it in a minute;" so he stepped briskly out of the room. In the third-story hall he was stopped by a cooing voice.

"I found this on the stairs." There stood Mrs. Pettit, holding out the picture.

"It's mine," replied Swift, taking it triumphantly. "It's the portrait of my future wife."

"How very nice! So glad you're to be married!" was the sweet reply. "Let me see the picture."

"You've seen it already," Swift playfully accused her.

"Nonsense. I only just found it."

Suddenly a new idea struck Mr. Swift, and he gayly juggled the card into his own pocket.

"Oh! as you please," said the widow, quietly, and passed on.

"No," he thought; "let them be the more surprised when she appears. To desert me for a man of Beazle's appearance! Wouldn't Theresa despise him? By-the-way, I must write to Theresa;" and presently he began a letter:

"My very dear Miss Trotter."

IV.—REVENGE!!

As the crisp December mornings grew crisper, the ladies at Mrs. Demar's would rush from the breakfast table and fall into the annual delirium of Christmas fancy-work. If the Fane girls called on Addie, she would give a little shriek and hide away a certain blue silk handkerchief. *Vicè versa* when the visit was returned. The widow kept her door locked; but as to the older women, they made no secret of preparing a quantity of useful and ornamental articles all destined for Dr. Beazle.

Miss Spinner remarked to Mrs. Fane, "I shall put some rich purple stripes in the doctor's afghan." Then, as the object of so much solicitude appeared, the word "Hush!" went round, and the air was so rarefied with delightful mystery that Miss Spinner could hardly falter out her usual greeting: "Good-morning, sir. I hope you rested well."

"Not very well," answered Beazle. "I have anxieties that break my sleep."

"Hop tea is good," said Mrs. Demar.

"Pray," urged Mrs. Pond, "consult my physician."

"Can't sleep? I'm so sorry," cooed the widow, running the scale *con tenerezza*.

"The fact is, I'm in trouble about the choir," said Dr. Beazle.

That night he was not at dinner, and Mrs. Demar showed a card on which he had written: "Obliged to leave town. Shall return before Christmas."

To say that for the next two weeks the house was dull would be to feebly express how a pall fell upon the girls; how the widow settled into gentle melancholy; how Miss Spinner constantly described the bishop's death and burial. During this season of despair Dudley paid a call in Mrs. Pettit's cozy parlor, where he soon introduced his own winning philosophy.

"This world is a contemptible hole," was his first proposition.

"Is it?" said the widow, taking up her embroidery.

"Of course. Humanity is depraved and vicious. We are mere wild beasts. Civilization is but a cover—the trappings of a menagerie."

"Indeed!" she replied, in her pretty, singing fashion.

"We go through a phase of transmutation of substance. It is called 'life.' The vegetable does the same. Our ambitions and speculations are much as if our brother the potato should believe it felt the throbbings of the universe, and hold forth to more humble potatoes."

"Yes?" And Mrs. Pettit, as she held her head sidewise to criticise a shade, brought into the light a small pink ear.

"And philosophy," he went on. "That tadpole called man dubs the croakings of his own mud-hole with a word of four syllables! Then, love! Pooh! that's the most laughable of all. Some molecule may fit better into the mass of matter by securing the proximity of some other molecule; but love—bah!"

"Dear, dear!" complained Mrs. Pettit, "what a tangle! Won't you help me?"

"Certainly;" and the philosopher fell into that oldest of traps, and stretched out the lengths of silk, while the pretty little woman plucked at the knots. There were five minutes of soft laughing and playful murmurs of vexation. Then she cried,

"Oh, I beg your pardon," for her hand had chanced to lightly brush his.

Instantly that hand was warmly clasped, and Dudley exclaimed, with respectful fervor: "Ah, dear little hand! I wish it were mine!"

Mrs. Pettit withdrew it (lingeringly, for she was a very widowy widow), and said, with dignity, "I am a molecule that does not require the proximity of another molecule."

"But I love you; I—"

She cut him short. "Potatoes ought not to hold forth to other potatoes."

"But, dear angel—" he tried to protest.

"Besides," she went on, ignoring his outburst, "you disturb me. I am embroidering these slippers for Dr. Beazle. He has the prettiest little foot."

"Dr. Beazle be—" Of course Mr. Dudley never finished that phrase, but he dashed out of the room and rushed to his own quarters with the consciousness of being a molecule that had a cruelly wounded heart. Presently he noticed that Swift was talking to him.

"I'm off for Albany to visit my Theresa."

"You're mortgaged, eh, poor devil?"

"About the same," answered Swift, proudly. "I've written to her every day in most passionate terms. She has replied that my preference does her honor. I shall spend day after to-morrow, Christmas, with her as an accepted lover, and before long bring my bride to this house. Ha! ha! Expect me home after New-Year's." While Mr. Swift packed his trunk he could be heard whistling a lively tune.

Dudley, in his distraction, wrote that night a queer leader for the paper. "If," it said, "Bismarck would but abjure his ridiculous social theories, there might be an amicable fusion of the great powers."

The sentence was respectfully quoted by country journals.

V.—REVENGE (?).

On Christmas Eve, as Mrs. Demar helped to the salad, she remarked: "What a happy night this used to be on my po' pa's place! Dear, dear! By-the-bye, Dr. Beazle is coming home. He telegraphs, 'Have my room light and warm.'"

Then there was a ring at the door, much struggling of porters in the hall, and from Mrs. Pond the order, "Have it carried to the doctor's room."

"I suspect," said Mrs. Demar, with an arch glance, "the doctor's room will be a perfect bazar to-night."

"Does the little dear hang up his stocking?" asked Dudley.

Herr Fuchs eagerly inquired: "Is not 'hang his stocking' an idiotism?"

"No," replied Dudley, driven by an imp of perversity; "the idiotism is *filling* his stocking."

The widow gave him an angry look, and presently he went upstairs, grumbling: "Fool! Why can't I stop that twaddle?" Then suddenly surprised by seeing a glint of light under the door of Swift's room, he entered. Who should be there but Owen Swift himself! "What, home in a few hours!" exclaimed Dudley.

Swift never spoke or lifted his eyes, which were fastened upon the register.

"What's the matter?" Dudley asked, drawing to the opposite side of that black hole in the floor which warms the body and freezes the spirit.

"Lemme alone," was the short reply.

"With pleasure," said the visitor, and had already reached the door when Swift called out, hoarsely:

"Hold on. I must tell somebody, just for the relief of speaking. You're the only person who won't madden me with condolences. You don't pity people."

"Despise 'em too much. Fire away, my boy." Dudley took up a paper and turned his back.

After a long pause, Swift began: "I went to Albany last night to see Theresa Trotter."

"H'm!" said Dudley, assentingly. "Trotter? Good name."

Another pause, and Swift added, "I had been informing her by letter that I should make her my wife."

"Any reply to these drivellings?"

"Yes. She sent several notes, expressing herself, in a modest way, grateful for the compliment. At last I ran up to give her the ring and appoint the day. Oh, it's an awful tale to tell!" Swift thrust his hands through his hair, leaned his elbows on his knees, and in that attitude continued to the end.

"Well, I went to her aunt's house (she lived with an old aunt); I rang; waited in the parlor. There came a step on the stairs; I rushed to the door with open arms and, embraced—"

"Cut it short. You embraced the angelic Theresa."

"Didn't," said Swift, raising his voice to a kind of pitiful scream. "I embraced her cursed old aunt. Before I found out the blunder I had kissed her false front a dozen times. She gave an unearthly squeal, and I threw her off. She landed, bolt-upright, on a sofa, the false front hanging over her left eye, and she gasped out, 'Oh, sir! you're the wust of 'em all.' 'Who are *all?*' I demanded; 'and where's Theresa?' 'Why,' said the old thing, 'all Theresa's lovers, to be sure. They've been here by the dozens, and pretty despritt too!' 'Theresa's lovers?' I stammered. 'Why, of course,' she said; 'in my Theresa's public position dozens was in love with her.' I forgot to tell you, Dudley, that Theresa was known as Thérèse Strattini."

"The famous concert singer, eh?" said Dudley.

"Yes. The aunt went on: 'Theresa once refused to marry a man, and he hissed her down at a concert; so we was very careful to offend nobody. I answered all the letters. Two or three forms did for everybody. Oh, my poor child! she's gone from me!' Then the old creature began to cry. 'But we're honorable, sir.' She went to a secretary, and peered along a row of pigeonholes. 'Here's all your letters, sir. Baker? Barker? No; you're in S. Not Simmons; he swore he'd kill himself. Smith? No; he shed tears. A good many of 'em sheds tears. Swift. That's it. Count them, sir. Oh, my dear child! She's gone! Three days ago she was taken away, and—'"

"Why, poor old chap!" Dudley interrupted; "I pity you."

"Look here," shouted Swift, springing up savagely, "I won't be pitied."

"But of what did the poor girl die?" Dudley asked, very tenderly.

Swift stared at him, and gave a wild, hysterical laugh, "Ha! ha! ha!" Then crying, "Don't talk to a desperate man," made a great lurch after his hat and coat, took the three pairs of stairs in a few leaps, banged the front door, and rushed into the streets.

Dudley muttered, "Poor fellow! hard lines!" then noticed it was time to start for the office. In passing Beazle's open door he saw a cheerful fire, the gas alight, fresh flowers everywhere, and standing conspicuous a gorgeous, cushioned arm-chair—Mrs. Pond's Christmas gift. Stepping inside, he saw a bright afghan—Miss Spinner's gift. Bundles of all sorts lay about, some with cards, others bearing only delicate initials. On the hearth-rug was a little package without any mark. Dudley picked it up, pinched it—a pair of slippers. He flung the thing back upon the floor, sneered, sighed, then went to the editorial rooms, grasped a pen, and lashed Christendom.

VI.—A BOMB-SHELL.

Evergreen wreaths hung in the dining-room windows; there were hot waffles for breakfast; the servants looked artfully expectant. Mrs. Pond remarked, on E below, "A beautiful Christmas morning." Addie exclaimed, "Christmas is just gor-geous." Herr Fuchs, bowing gravely to each person present, enunciated, with great precision, "I wish you much returns of the day."

"'Tisn't my birthday," said Van Tassell, tittering.

Herr Fuchs turned cherry-color all over his bald head, and inquired, plaintively, "Is not that a correct idiotism—no?"

Swift appeared, haggard and wild-eyed, but with a bitter exaggeration of his old lively manner, which passed very well for the high spirits proper to a holiday. Dudley kept a friendly watch, and believed grief was driving him mad.

As yet, Dr. Beazle's place was empty, and many an anxious glance was cast that way. Miss Spinner at last inquired, with a modest cough, "Has he come?"

Mrs. Demar tried to answer, but seemed to be having a spasm behind the coffee urn. Her voice failed, she clawed the air several times in indescribable agitation, and finally gasped out: "Dr. Beazle arrived last night, very late, and, oh! I—I" (here she grew somewhat fluent and shrill)—"I haven't felt so queer since pa's place was cannonaded. He brought— Hush!"

The door opened, and in walked the little doctor, calm and pleasant, as usual, peering benignly through his glasses, as usual; but beside him, and overtopping him by a whole head, was a beautiful, stout, tall young woman. She swept around the table, stared at the space left open for the little man, and with a burst of hearty laughter cried out, "Why, Colly dear, must we both squeeze in there?"

Mrs. Pond turned about with thunder on her brow; Miss Spinner's eyelids blushed; Swift dropped his knife and fork with a clatter.

"Dear me!" faltered Mrs. Damar, pressing a hand on her heart; "I—I quite forgot."

Then the doctor pronounced distinctly the words, "My wife, Mrs. Beazle."

Dudley felt something against his knee. It was Swift's hand clutching convulsively the leg of the table, while his face bore an expression of horror.

There came another ringing laugh, and the bride exclaimed: "I suppose I'm quite a surprise. How very jolly!" Then, the servants having made places, as she rustled into a seat, she went on, gayly, "We haven't published our marriage yet, but we're quite an old couple. Been married—how long, Colly? Four days, isn't it? Waffles? None, thank you. I have to sing those anthems to-day, and such things upset my voice," she exclaimed, looking confidingly at Mrs. Pettit.

That plucky little person manufactured a smile on the instant, but all the others could only stare—indignantly, wildly, helplessly stare.

"You see," she rattled on, in her loud, clear voice, "the soprano at St. Barnaby's did behave so dreadfully, and Colly was so worried. Weren't you, Colly dear?"

"Yes, my love," answered the doctor, as cheerfully unconscious as if he had not brought a bomb-shell home with him—"yes, my love."

"So we were married quietly," she explained, "took a short trip, came to New York last evening, and, ha! ha! ha! when that young woman said, 'I sha'n't sing a note unless my salary is raised,' I stepped up and remarked, 'You needn't, my dear. Now trot right along out of this choir.'" Then, her eye chancing to light on Swift, she cried out in surprise: "Why! do *you* live here? I didn't know that."

Swift's teeth clicked together, but the lady went on, nodding and smiling, "Ever so glad to meet you."

"Steady, man," Dudley whispered. "Say something; say 'thank you.'"

"Tha—thank you," stammered Swift; then under his breath groaned, "Good heavens! it's Theresa!" and quite lost control of himself.

"I know," responded Dudley. "I remember the photograph. Come along." He dragged the poor fellow out of the room quite unnoticed, all eyes being fixed on Mrs. Beazle.

Once safe in the hall, Dudley said, "Then she isn't dead, after all?"

"Dead?" answered Swift. "I never said so. Before I could finish the story you broke in with your cursed condolences. Dead? No; she was married. I didn't ask to whom, but just bolted out of that house and came home. Great Cæsar! Dudley"—and the big fellow almost whimpered—"how did that insect ever get her?"

"Nice little man," Dudley sententiously answered.

Mrs. Beazle meanwhile was merrily addressing the table. "Last night, you see, we arranged the Christmas music. Colly is such a fuss about the music. But then we married women have to obey our husbands. Don't we?" she asked naïvely, addressing Miss Spinner.

"I'm—I'm not married," said the spinster, hysterically.

"Oh, aren't you?" was the jocular reply. "Now I thought you had a comfortable married look." At last she said, "Well, by-by, everybody," and rising, shook out her expanse of skirts, tossed her great blonde head, and with the little husband in tow, sailed out of the room.

Mrs. Pond snorted; Mrs. Fane sighed; Addie's glib tongue was palsied; but Herr Fuchs, craning his neck after those generous charms, exclaimed, enthusiastically: "Ha! I have find ver' good idiotism. She is one sdunning creadure."

VII.—CONFUSION AND DESPAIR.

"I say, Swift," jeered Van Tassell, as in the evening the men were sipping a home-brewed punch, "do you have to push the girls away? How about that natural gift? Not proud of it, eh? A mere gift! Oho!"

"Come," Dudley interfered, "don't hit a man when he's down. Let us pledge ourselves to secrecy."

"You were awfully conceited, old chap," said Van Tassell; "but, word of honor, I'll never tell."

Swift recognized the kindness humbly; then his excitement returning, asked, "What *could* she have seen in that Beazle?"

"Instinct of protection was roused," answered Dudley. "He was helpless on the choir question, held out his little hands, and she took care of him."

At the next breakfast time, when Mrs. Beazle overflowed the room with her gorgeous presence, every woman darted a look at her, and Addie let fall a smothered, "Goodness!" Then there followed a silence of utter amazement, a silence so deep that the sizzle of the coffee urn sounded like the roar of a cataract. Around Mrs. Beazle's white full throat was knotted a blue silk handkerchief, known, in spite of scramblings and hidings, to be Addie's gift to the doctor. The bride bid a cheery good-morning; then, as she happened to raise her hand, there glinted on her cuff a gold sleeve-button.

Flossie Fane pinched her mother's arm, and whispered, tearfully, "Oh! mamma, I bought them with my own pocket-money."

"Colly's room is so full of pretty things," said Mrs. Beazle, gayly.

"Dr. Beazle had many friends," answered Mrs. Pond, so deep down under her chins that one could swear she had gone down cellar.

"He vowed he was forlorn, though. Didn't you, Colly dear?" the wife demanded.

"A bachelor is always forlorn," responded the little man, gallantly.

"The bishop," Miss Spinner quavered out, "advised the clergy to remain single."

"Oh! bother the bishop," the merry young woman remarked. "He must have been a poky old man."

Then the doctor laughed, actually laughed, and looked admiringly at his handsome wife.

Dudley exulted; and luck favored him further, for the very next morning, as he was chatting with the widow in the hall, Mrs. Beazle came down-stairs. Conspicuous on her substantial feet were a pair of embroidered slippers—Mrs. Pettit's handiwork.

"They're Colly's," explained the lively creature, holding up her dress and screaming with the fun, "but he loves to have me wear his things. Don't you, Colly dear?"

"Of course, my love," answered the doctor.

"Mrs. Pettit," said Dudley, feeling that his only rival was removed, "I shall pay you a call this evening." That day he wrote an article in praise of Bismarck, whose intentions, he declared, were most beneficent.

The excitement in the household, meanwhile, was tremendous. Mrs. Pond, addressing an indignation meeting, said, "I saw that woman lolling in the arm-chair I sent to her husband. She was tra-la-laing over a piece of music and looking disgustingly independent."

"And," piped poor Miss Spinner, "my elegant afghan was thrown over her knees."

"Oh!" sobbed Jennie Fane, "her head was on the tidy I knit for the doctor."

"Don't speak of that Beazle," cried Mrs. Pond. "I fear we took him up too suddenly."

"The civility my daughters showed him," Mrs. Fane apologized, "was merely out of respect for the church."

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Demar, "this is like wa' times, for sure."

At the appointed hour Mr. Dudley presented himself in Mrs. Pettit's parlor with a light, almost boyish, manner. She motioned him to a seat, which he refused with the bold opening remark, "No; I like to sit nearer to you."

The widow smiled so indulgently that he took courage and broke into the very heart of the matter. "Mrs. Pettit, I have been a cynic, a misanthrope, and I know how unfavorably such a man must impress a lovely woman."

"Not at all," was the kind answer.

"What!" exclaimed Dudley, in delight.

"Oh," she said, "you talk such nonsense merely from a naughty, perverse habit. You have a great deal of feeling."

"I have," cried Dudley, sinking at her feet and seizing once more that coveted soft hand; "and I love you; I adore you. Cynicism? Why, with you for my wife this old world would be heaven!"

"Your wife!" exclaimed the widow.

"Of course. We shall walk a path of flowers; we shall be lovers eternally; we shall—"

"Stop!" Mrs. Pettit interrupted sternly, and withdrew to a safe distance. "I couldn't think of such an arrangement."

"You can," he returned, deliriously, "for my theories are gone to the winds. I'll write the facetious stuff in the fifth column; I'll—"

"Hush!" commanded the lady, standing at her full height. "I could never, never marry you, for you happen to look," here she shut her lips tight, as if in painful memory—"to look just like my deceased husband."

"Well," replied Dudley, "I'd rather be original; but what of it?"

"Pettit was—a *brute*," she answered, with deliberate energy, "and I hated him. I could never see a face resembling his before me and be happy. Now go. Not a word more. Go!"

Somehow Dudley stumbled out of the room, and somehow he reached the office. Then he savagely tore up the panegyric on poor Bismarck, and exposed, instead, his occult villainies.

VIII.—PARADISE REGAINED.

One breakfast time, before very long, Miss Spinner smiled upon Mr. Swift, and pronounced the old formula, "Good-morning, sir; I hope you rested well."

"Could you attend to a little commission?" Mrs. Pond gurgled out, amiably.

"You're awful ni-ce," cried Addie.

In short, the favorite was reinstated, and the insecure feeling born of recent experience had greatly improved his manners. What though the married happiness of the Beazles was tantalizing, he found that he could forget even that in a certain place—namely, Mrs. Pettit's parlor. That plump little witch was embroidering one time, and Swift, as he watched the beautiful deft fingers, remarked, in a highly original manner, "I wish that little hand were mine."

"Oh," cried the widow, "you naughty man! You're engaged."

"As to that affair," he answered, "it's off long ago."

"Incompatibility?" she inquired, innocently.

Swift nodded.

She gave both her delightful hands and that rosy cheek too. Between dizzy advances and tormenting retreats, Swift was, in half an hour, the happiest lover in the world; and only for form's sake he asked if she had really cared for Beazle.

"Not a bit," she answered. "I meant to punish your conceit. But I believe you are cured of that fault." Then she added, in a queer tone, "Oh—y-es!" and shook her head at him.

The guilty creature wondered if she had looked at the photograph which she found on the stairs. To put the question might be to arouse her suspicions, for his nerve and assurance were no longer to be trusted.

Though the happy couple live on a flat now, and Van Tassell reigns at the boarding-house, Swift still wonders how much his wife knows. Now and then she ejaculates suddenly, "Incompatibility!" Then she laughs until her cheeks are crimson. Sometimes she adds, "Well, Dr. Beazle is a nice little man."

Mr. Swift sits in a cold perspiration and answers, carelessly, "Beazle is a *very* nice little man."

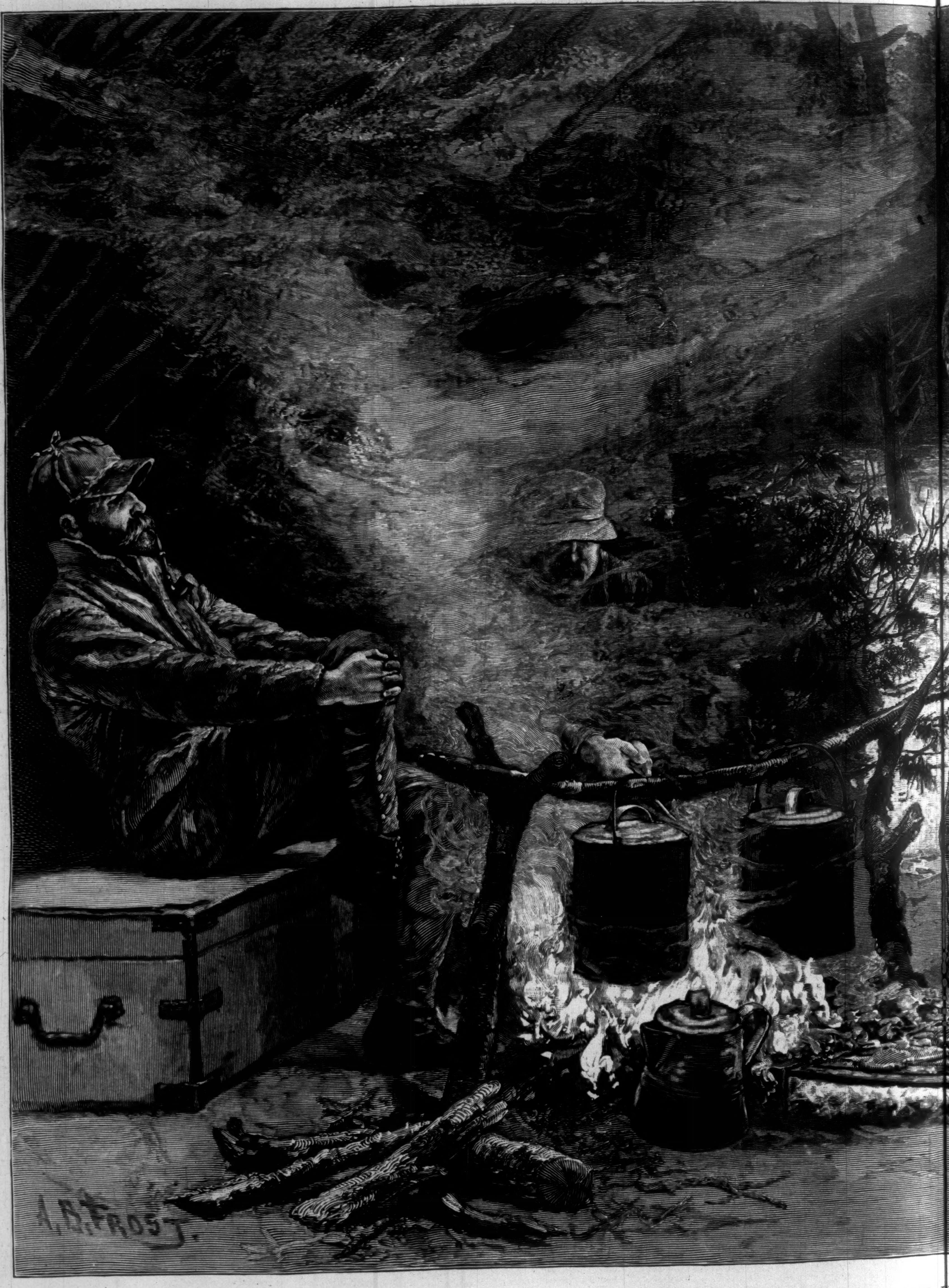
Then Mrs. Swift laughs again.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

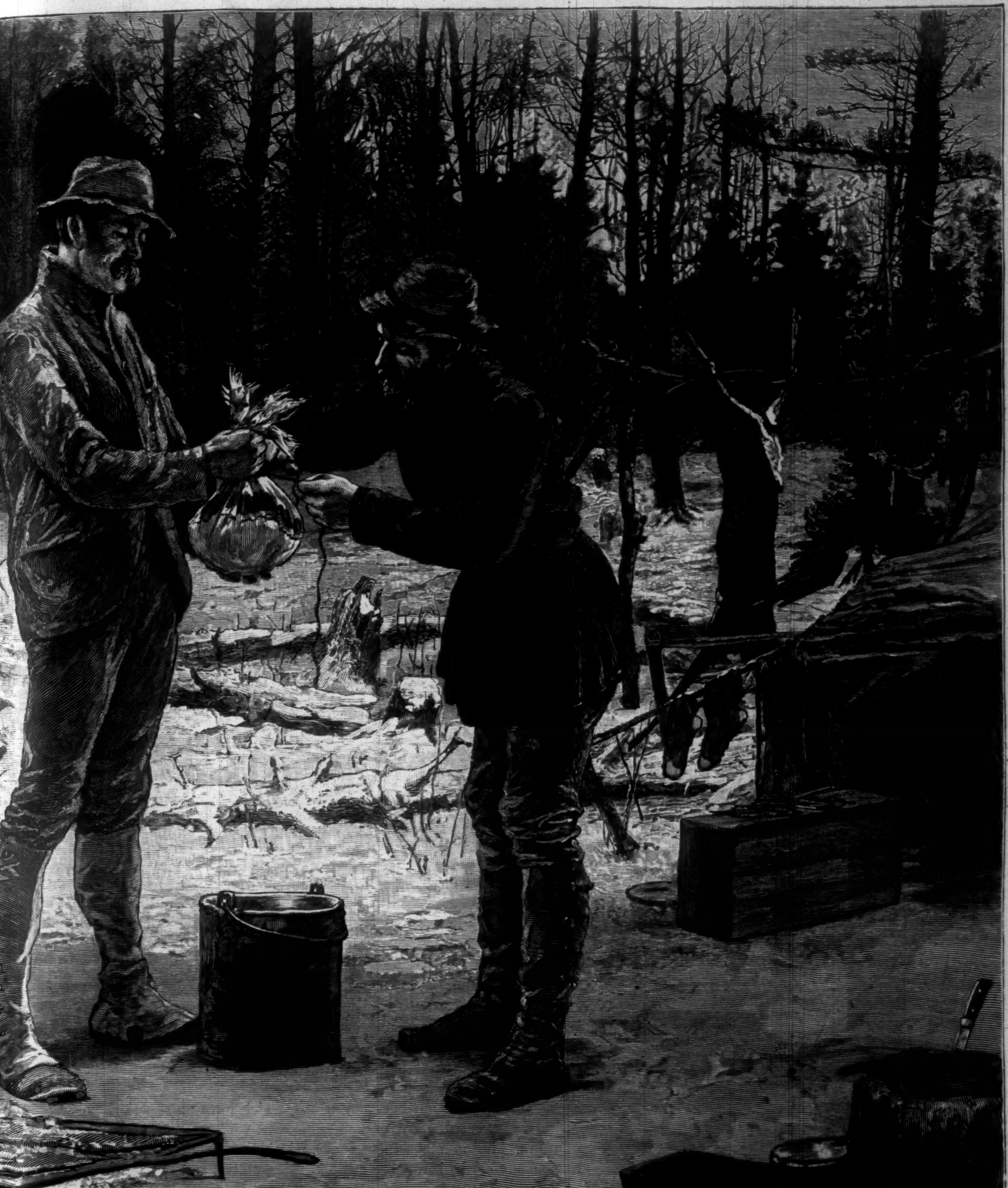
The freedman's greeting to his old master, when with his family he visits him at the old home on Christmas morning, "Come to pay yo' our 'specs, sah, an' wishin' uv yo' happy Chris'mus," is as sincere a Christmas greeting as passes between men anywhere. The fact that he hopes and is sure to receive a dinner "like what de white folks eats," as he would have expressed it twenty-five years ago, detracts no more from the sincerity of his good wishes than from the heartiness of the old master's welcome. Very many—indeed, most—of the tender qualities that slavery allowed and even encouraged in masters that were kind and slaves that were obedient, such as profound respect on one hand, and on the other the sympathy that the very relation of the slave to the master appealed to, remain in Southern life, and at Christmas find freer expression than at any other time, for in the days of slavery this was the day, as Thanksgiving is in the Northern States, for family reunions and talk of old times. The blacks who had masters that won their affection now feel, under the tender influences of this old custom, that they are yet a part of their old masters' families.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

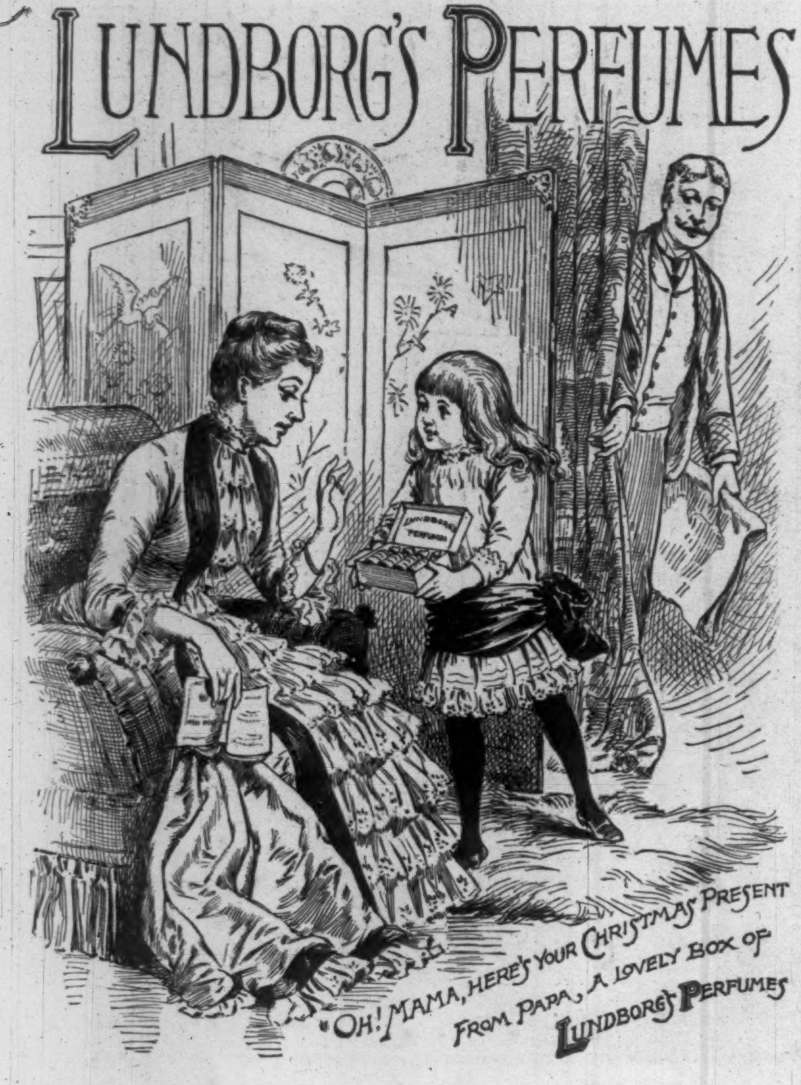
Mr. Frost's picture represents a scene that might be presented in the woods of almost any Northern or Middle State, given a party of good fellows who are not afraid of the cold. To spend Christmas in camp is not the worst way to spend it, by any means, especially if along with abundant game there be enough such concessions to civilization as a plum-pudding and a trunk full of dry clothing. The pleasure of camp life depends at all times largely on good-fellowship; and if to good-fellowship be added good luck with the gun or in the chase, and then if these be seasoned with that holiday spirit, you may be sure that you have both camp life and Christmas at its best. There is, moreover, this to be said for the sportsman's camp during the holidays. Camp out he may at any other time without giving proof of heroism, but the deliberate choice of the camp and the gun just when all home sports are most attractive requires such a demonstration of devotion to sport that he who makes it deserves luck and pleasure, and is sure to find them. Venison steaks were never better than when broiled by such a Christmas fire in the forest, and the plum-pudding there finds its proof in the eating, whether it were tied right or wrong, or cooked ill or well.

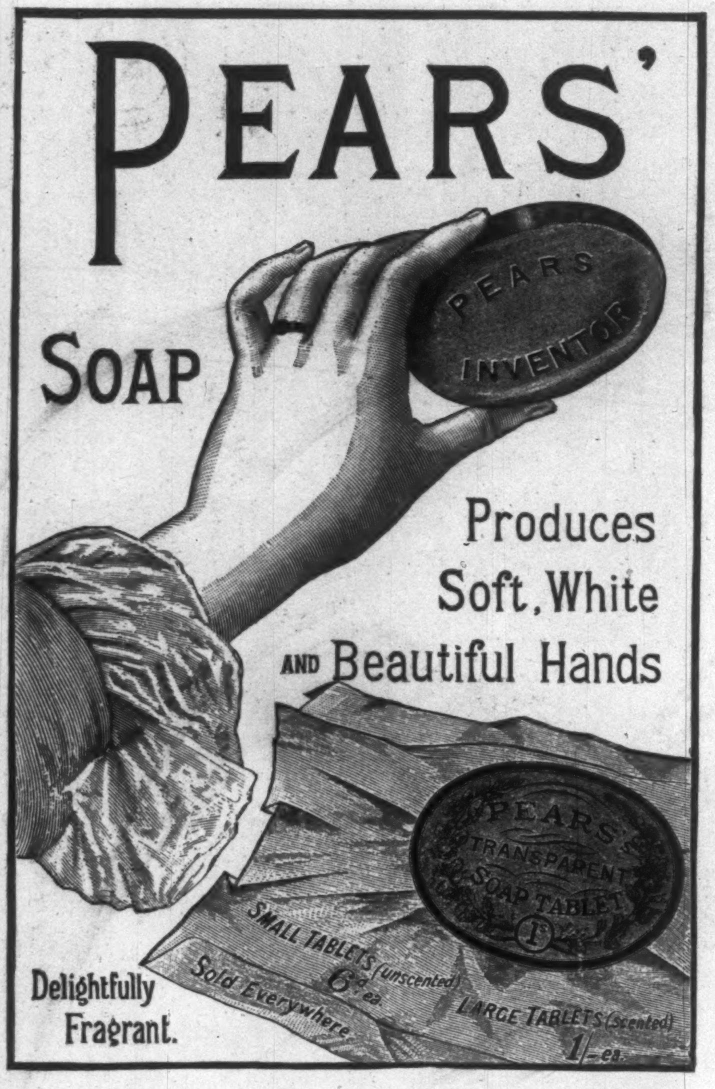


CHRISTMAS IN CAMP—TYING UP THE PU



DDING.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 827]


LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES
"OH! MAMA, HERE'S YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM PAPA, A LOVELY BOX OF LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES"


PEARS'
SOAP
PEARS INVENTOR
Produces Soft, White AND Beautiful Hands
PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP TABLET
SMALL TABLETS (unscented) 6d ea.
Sold Everywhere
LARGE TABLETS (scented) 1/- ea.
Delightfully Fragrant.

☞ Every Article Mentioned in this Advertisement is Warranted, and the Money will be refunded in every case where Perfect Satisfaction is not given.

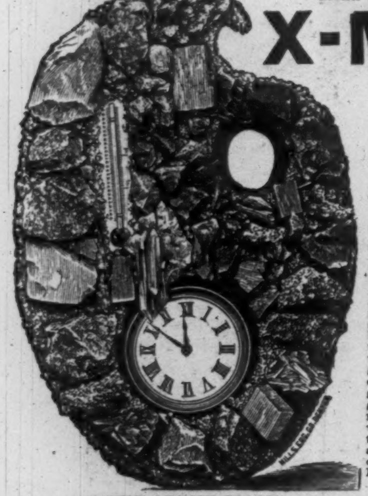
Read every Word of this Advertisement Carefully.

X-MAS AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS. AMERICAN MOSAIC NOVELTIES

MADE OF THE

Precious Minerals and Gems found in the Rocky Mountains.

All Goods delivered Free of Charge to purchaser's residence.



THE ARTIST CLOCK.

THESE goods being entirely new, and as yet not handled by any dealer, I now, after five years of hard work and study, and a large expenditure of money, have brought them to positive perfection; and for the benefit of my numerous old, and possibly new, customers, will say that my American Mosaic Novelties, which I make into over fifty artistic designs, at all prices, each design, be it what not, contains and shows every color of the rainbow and more. The pieces of precious mineral and gems, as they are artistically set side by side on each ornament, form an array of splendor beautiful and artistic. And that is not all; science is also brought into use; each piece has a number, the number corresponds with a catalogue which goes with each article, and describes positively each stone or gem, giving not only scientific, but its common name as well, forming an interesting study and curiosity. Each ornament has—even the cheapest—fifty gems on it, and the more costly ones treble that number, and of a fine grade. To describe these goods as they appear is an impossibility. They must be seen; a description cannot do them justice. In conclusion we will say that each article is warranted to be as represented. The clocks, thermometers, plush, silk, satin, felt, nickel, gold and silver trimmings, are of the best that money can buy. For reference I refer you to any bank or merchant in Denver—or any of the mercantile agencies. Hoping that I may receive a trial order, be it ever so small, I am very truly,

H. H. TAMMEN.

Style A, Cross. A beautiful thing, containing 40 minerals and gems; 6 inches long, in handsome box. Price **75** cents.

Style B, Cross. Much larger, over 60 minerals and gems, made to hang on wall, finished with copper bronze hanger. Price **$1.00.**

Style AA, an Anchor 8 inches high. Price **$1.25.**

Style AD, Anchor with Thermometer, the emblem of Hope. Price **$2.00.**

Style C, Cross with Thermometer. Large, showy, contains 60 gems and minerals. The Thermometer is one of Taylor's make, which insures its quality, and we individually guarantee to deliver it safely and in good order. The descriptive catalogue goes with this, as well as all others. Price **$1.40.**

Style D, Thermometer, 5½ inches long, 2½ wide, and surrounded with minerals and gems, in a beautiful box. Price **$1.25.**

Style E, Horseshoe, the emblem of good luck, covered with minerals, including gold and silver, and trimmed with satins of all shades. State the color you most desire. Handsomely boxed, by mail, upon receipt of **75** cents.

Style F, Horseshoe, large and handsome, trimmed and finished similar to style E. Price **85** cents.

Style G, Horseshoe, made the shape of a Norman, finished like style F. Price **$1.00,** packed in handsome box.

Style, H, Horseshoe, with Frog, covered with mineral gems. Sides sanded with gold and silver ore dust. Center finished in satin and handsome embossed flowers. Price **$1.10.**

G. A. R. Horseshoe. The shoe is made exactly like style H, embossed with flowers, etc., but hanging from the center is a Grand Army Medal, made of white silver like metal, engraved with figures to represent Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty. Price **$1.50.**

Style I, Match Safe and Thermometer combined, represents an artist's palette, is 10 inches high, 6 inches wide. The match holder is made of Italian bronze tin, stands upright, is rich, showy, and a marvel of colors. Price, express paid, **$4.00.**

Style J. This is an Inkstand about 2½ inches square, finished with nickel top. Price **$1.00.**

Style JJ. Inkstand 3½ inches square. The ink well has an elegant Bohemian cut glass cover, on the inside of which a handsome spray of flowers is painted. Over 100 gems and minerals are on this unique novelty. Price **$1.75.**

Style DD, Thermometer, 8 inches long, zigzag edges, silver plated, finished with bronze hanger. Price **$2.00.**

Style DJ, Inkstand and Thermometer, representing Obelisk, a silver plated 4 inch thermometer, Bohemian cut glass ink well surrounded with the beautiful, rich and rare minerals and gems. It is really an artistic thing. Price **$3.00.**

Style DL, Thermometer and Pincushion. Thermometer represents Egyptian obelisk, pincushion the base; finished in bright satins. Please state colors desired. Price **$2.50.**

Style EE. Photoframe for cards, nickel edges, made to stand as an easel. Price **$1.00.**

Pike's Peak Cabinet Frame. We call your attention to this handsome novelty; we have them in oval and square patterns. They hold large size cabinet photos, each frame having over 100 gems and minerals. Price **$2.50** to **$3.00** each.

The Little Gem Casket. This casket is 6 x 4 inches in width and length; the inside is finished in all shades of satins or velvets, ornamented with embossed flowers. It has over 150 gems, etc., on it. Price **$3.00.** We make a larger size also, on which we put a rolled gold plate on lid, with any name you may desire. Price **$6.00.**

The **Venus** Clock represents a 5 pointed star, about 6 inches high, a clock with beveled and ground glass front, a correct timepiece and made for this purpose. This, as all of our clocks, is made of easel shape stand, to set on mantel or dresser. Price **$6.00.**

The **Castle** Clock represents a house similar to a miner's cabin; a very unique thing. Price **$5.50.**

The **Hoof** Clock. This beautiful clock represents a horse hoof shod. The hoof is sanded with gold and silver dust. The shoe is made mosaic like of the different minerals, etc. The clock peeps out between the shoe and is surrounded with purple or green spun glass crushed. The effect is brilliant. Price **$6.50.**

The **Artist** Clock is an artist's palette 12 x 8 inches, a thermometer and clock combined, surrounded by beautiful gems, etc., finished in Italian bronze. Price **$8.00.**

Any one of the above is an entire cabinet in itself, and contains better and a larger variety of Mineral Gems than are found in many so called collections.

Those who purchase our Mosaic novelties will receive articles of sterling worth and merit. Each article is packed in a handsome box.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.—All money sent in a registered letter, or post office order, or by bank draft, is at our risk.

SAFE PREPAID DELIVERY GUARANTEED.

We guarantee the safe delivery in good condition of all goods that are ordered. We send all goods on the day that we receive the order; if an article is ever lost in the mail, or gets in the least damaged, we fill the order over again at our own expense. We prepay the postage on all the goods, and thus a man in California gets them just as cheap, and at just the same outlay, as a man in Maine.

Address all Orders to H. H. TAMMEN, Invt. and Sole Manuf. of Am. Mosaic Novelties, Denver, Colorado.

THE

NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.,

16 and 18 Park Place, New York; 21 Franklin St., Boston;
31 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.; and 154 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The ordinary black marble has long survived its purpose as the best thing to be found in clock cases when anything elegant and costly has been desired. Appreciating that these cases are out of harmony with the modern style of house decoration and furniture, we have made and call your attention to our new line of clocks.

Fitted with our best movements, which have no superior, finished in every detail with the utmost care, we offer in time for the approaching holidays these goods, which have more artistic merit than any clocks heretofore made in this country, or imported from France.

No. 1017 has elegantly chased solid brass frame, and is panelled with the celebrated Low Art Tile in beautiful colors, including brown, amber, olive, and greens; and with a gong most perfect in tone, this clock challenges criticism.

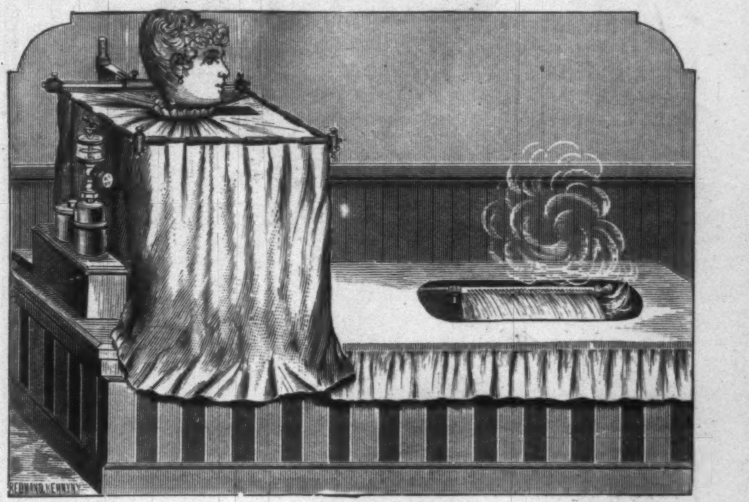
Nos. 1018 and 1019 have finely chased brass frames panelled in oxidised silver with birds and flowers in relief, and a perfect gong.

The Wood Cabinets Nos. 9 and 10, with brass ornaments, No. 1023, Brass, and the Acrobat, are particularly adapted for dining-room, boudoir, or library.

THE HOME VAPOR BATH AND DISINFECTOR COMPANY,

12 East 23d Street, Madison Square, New York.

The following testimonials to the efficiency of the Home Vapor Bath will sustain what is claimed for it, that it is an important hygienic and sanitary improvement, ever ready to render valuable assistance in case of disease, and a luxurious comfort in one's own home. The apparatus, simple in all its appurtenances and in its operation, is made available to all, as it can easily be attached to any bath-tub in any dwelling provided with the ordinary hot-water kitchen boiler, without in any way interfering with the baths hitherto in use in our homes.


REDMOND.KENNEY.

74 West 47th Street,
New York, Nov. 7, 1885.

TO THE HOME VAPOR BATH AND DISINFECTOR CO.:

Gents,—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to express my entire satisfaction with the bath put by you in my residence, 74 West 47th Street. I had been suffering for the past six (6) months from rheumatism, particularly in the knees. After taking three of your vapor baths, I find that I am able to move about freely, and the pains have entirely subsided. I am pleased to be able to write thus, and thanking you for having called my attention to this valuable invention,

I am, gentlemen, yours very truly, SYLVESTER KNIGHT.

2637 Prairie Avenue,
Chicago, Nov. 16, 1885.

HOME VAPOR BATH CO., 12 EAST 23d STREET, NEW YORK:

Gentlemen,—I have used your apparatus about eight months with entire satisfaction. It has more than met my expectations, and is, I think, a perfect Russian bath. I intended arranging my bath-room as a miniature Turkish and Russian bath establishment, but my attention being called to your apparatus, I was saved that expense, and have, I believe, an arrangement fully as efficacious and satisfactory.

I would not be without it.

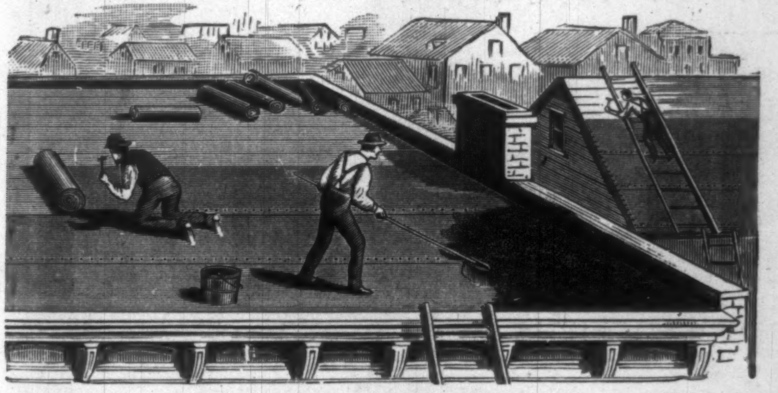
Sincerely, T. R. BURCH.

180 Fifth Avenue,
New York, Nov. 18, 1885.

My dear Sir,—You ask how I like the Vapor Bath recently put into my house by your company. In reply would say it does all you claim for it, and I would not be without it under any consideration. I find it healthful as well as a great luxury.

Yours truly, ROBT. DUNLAP.

To John Pondir, Vice-President Home Vapor Bath Co.



Anybody can apply RUBBER ROOFING over Rough Boards, and on Steep and Flat Surfaces. (See illustration above.)

$3.25 PER SQUARE, 10 × 10 FEET - - - - - - $3.25
2.00 " " " " FOR "TEMPORARY," 2.00

RUBBER ROOFING

Is Ready for Use; Fire-Proof; Perfectly Water-Tight; Very Durable, and the Very Best Roof. AGENTS WANTED. Write at once for Book Circular and Samples.

I used your Roofing exclusively on all new buildings erected on my stock-farm, and it has given entire satisfaction. It is so easily and rapidly applied, requiring no skilled labor, that I find it better and cheaper than shingles, although I have an abundance of shingle timber and a shingle saw. I am not a native of West Virginia, being an invalid naval officer, settled here on account of the excellent climate. I was born and brought up in New York City, where I have seen acres of your Roofing used, and so can positively assure the people here of its durability.

CHARLES N. GREENLEAF,
Stock-Farmer.

Carmel, Preston Co., W. Va., *October* 25, 1884.

I have thoroughly tested your Temporary Rubber Roofing, and find it is exactly as you describe it—a perfectly water-proof and sun-proof material; and taking into account the rapidity with which it can be applied, the number of years it will last, and the ease with which it can be transferred from one building to another, I can safely say it is the cheapest article of that kind on the market. We used 18,000 feet.

J. C. FORSYTH, Supt.,
Georgia Land and Lumber Co.

Camps, Telfair Co., Ga., *October* 29, 1884.

Note.—Temporary Roofing costs but $2.00 per square of 10 × 10 feet.

We have used about 30,000 square feet of your 3-ply Rubber Roofing; it has given perfect satisfaction, and we see no reason why it will not continue to do so. We are now covering a building 200 by 35, for we regard Rubber Roofing and Slate Roofing Paint as the best and cheapest roofing we can use on it.

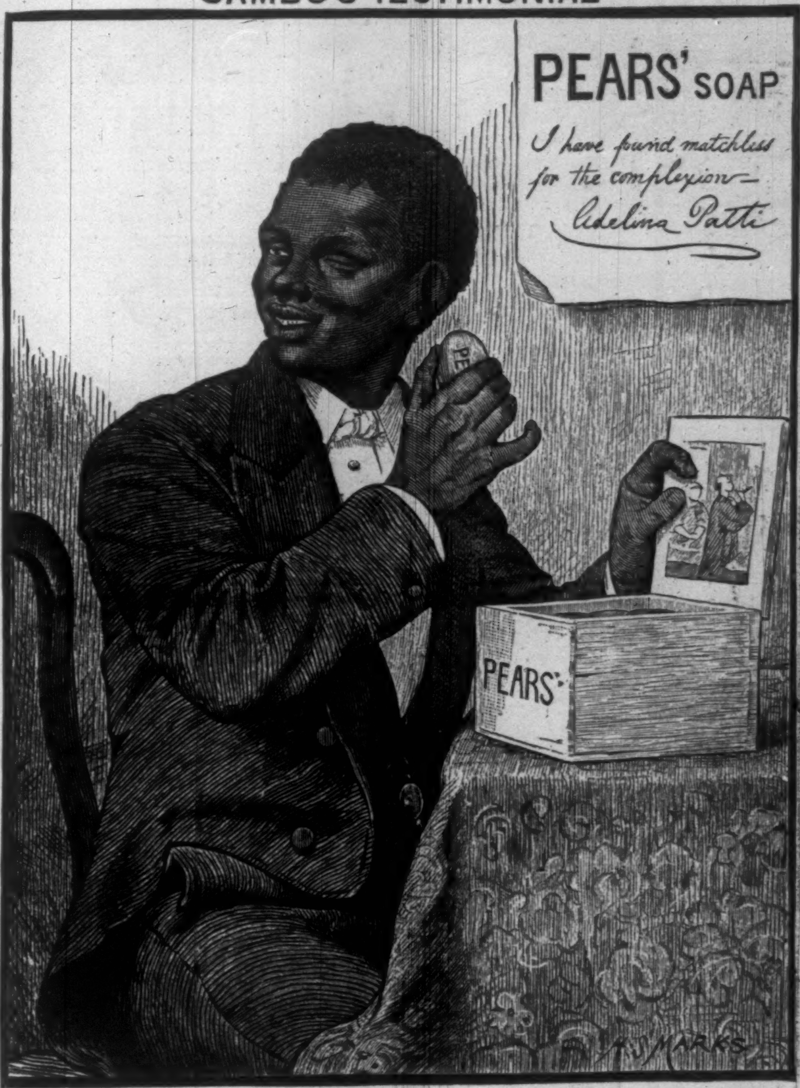
Saltville, Va., *November* 4, 1884. HOLSTON SALT AND PLASTER CO.

LEAKY ROOFS

"How to *save* reshingling, *stop* leaks effectually and cheaply in roofs of all kinds, or lay *new* roofs." Particulars *free* if you *mention* this paper. Address

INDIANA PAINT AND ROOFING COMPANY,
143 Duane St., New York City, or Indianapolis, Ind.

SAMBO'S TESTIMONIAL



"MATCHLESS FOR UM COMPLEKSHUN."

Specially drawn by H. S. MARKS, R.A. for the Proprietors of PEARS' SOAP.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER

The great national standard of Rural Journalism. It is the accepted medium for the introduction of all New Plants, Seeds, and farm implements. These are tested regardless of cost at the Rural's Experiment Grounds of 300 acres. Its Free Seed and Plant Distributions have popularized many of the most valuable varieties in cultivation. It is original from beginning to end. It employs the best writers in the world. It is the first journal to have established Experiment Grounds; the first to present careful and original illustrations of plants of all kinds, of cattle, farm and garden helps, poultry, large and small fruits, grapes, and everything appertaining to rural life. Over 500 engravings yearly. Over 600 writers. It is edited by practical farmers. It combines the best features of the daily and weekly press with all that can instruct, elevate and interest the rural home. It costs more to publish than any other weekly in America. It is for the North, South, East, West. The ablest farm and garden weekly in the land. It is pure, trustworthy, sparkling, alive, independent, and faithful. It exposes all frauds. It answers over 5,000 questions in its Farmers' Club. Free specimen copies will give a full account of its present Free Seed Distribution, and of the sterling presents offered for clubs. We want you to KNOW that the Rural New-Yorker is the best journal of its class published. It will help you to make money and to spend it judiciously. Fine paper, 16 pages, $2.00 a year. Subscribe now. Address the Rural New-Yorker, 34 Park Row, N. Y.